

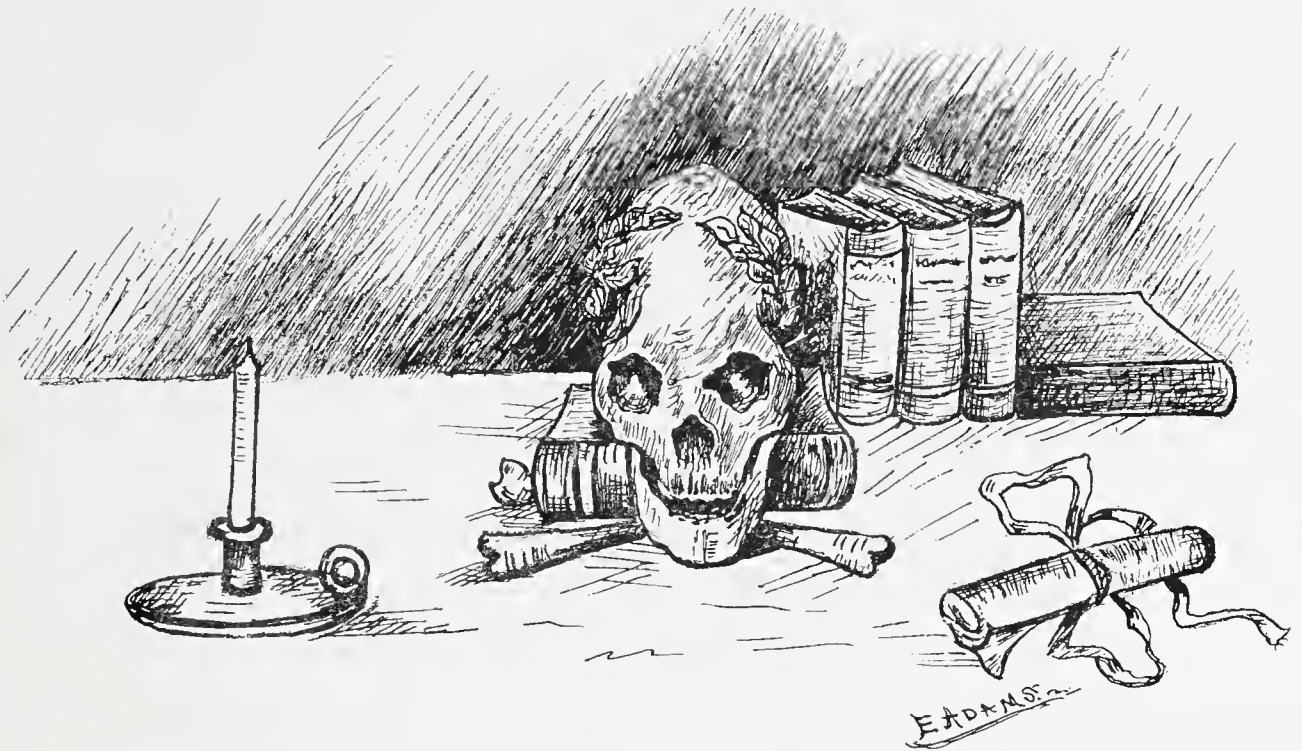
Le RÉSUMÉ
1914



John Perry
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1880





Senior Class Organization

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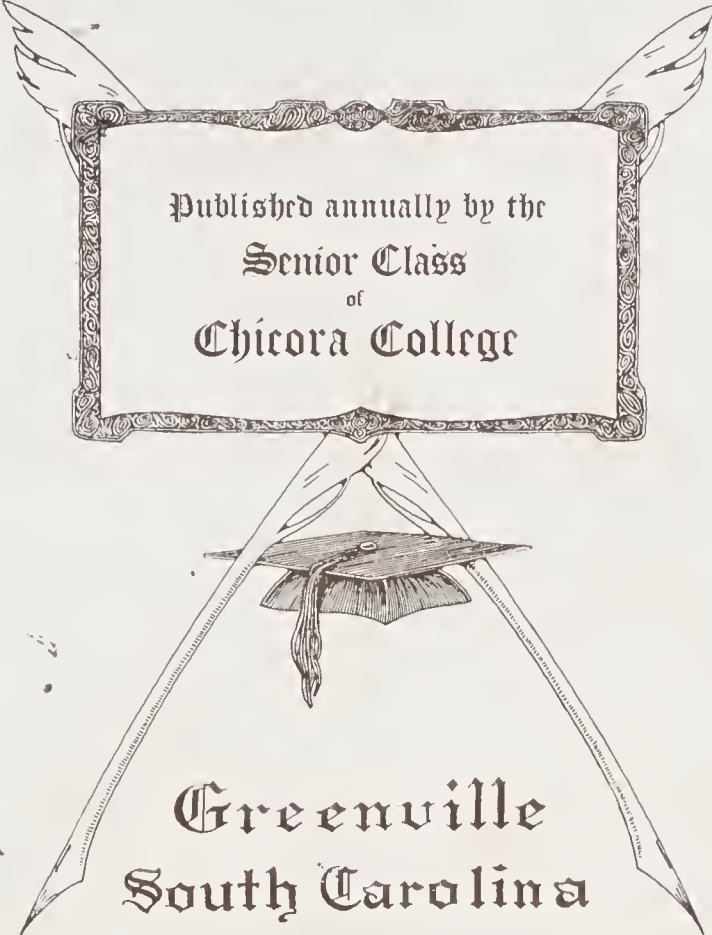
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CHICORA COLLEGE

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Le RÉSUMÉ

A decorative rectangular frame with ornate scrollwork borders. Two quills are positioned at the top corners, pointing outwards. Below the frame, a graduation cap is centered, with two long, thin lines extending from its base towards the bottom corners of the page, forming a triangular shape.

Published annually by the
Senior Class
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Chicora College

Greenville
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DEDICATION

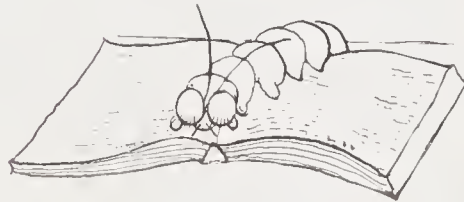
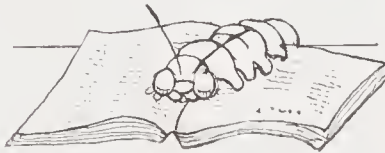
AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION
FOR THE INTEREST MANIFESTED
IN OUR EDUCATION,
WE,
THE CLASS OF 1914
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF
LE RÉSUMÉ
TO
OUR PARENTS AND GUARDIANS

Le RÉSUMÉ

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SENIORS



1911

1912

1913

1914

EVOLUTION OF A BOOK WORM



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FLOWER Marechal Niel Rose

MOTTO *Nil a victoria sine labore*

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MARGARET NICKELL

LAWYER

LENA ATKINS

POET

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JUDITH ABRAHAM, B. A., B. Mus.
JEFFERSON, GA.

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."*

It may be safely said that JUDITH possesses these six good qualities. We love her for what we know her to be. In studying up her Scriptural genealogy, JUDITH claims kinship not only with the patriarch, but also with Anak. Perhaps descent from the latter explains her skill in basket-ball. JUDITH is accomplished not only in a literary way but also in music, and has been much to our college for four years. True, sensible, lovely, and lovable—this sums up JUDITH's characteristics.

LENA PARHAM ATKINS, B. A.
DANIELSVILLE, GA.

*"Her soul is clean in every wise,
Behind her brow a fair mind lies;
And thoughts so pure,
A heart so true
Shine out from the depths of her big brown
eyes."*

This modest maid has been with us during all four years of our trials and tribulations. Quiet, serious, and dignified, she is always found among the leaders of her class. Finding the English language not sufficient she must needs delve into the past and speak with Plautus and Catullus in their own tongue. The Muses often visit her, and so our class poem was entrusted to her care.

Le RÉSUMÉ



ALMER BARENTINE, B. A.
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.

"With merrymaking eyes and jocund smile."

Only two years has ALMER been at Chicora, but what a great deal she has accomplished! With her fun-loving soul brimming over to all around, she goes on her way. Still ALMER is not a scatter-brain, for the quality of her gray matter makes itself known in her class work. The class considers her an addition, and she repays its trust by entering with zest all the class pursuits, whether it be hard lessons, athletics, or fun.

STELLA BETHUNE, B. M. S.
BETHUNE, S. C.

"Her voice is her charm."

The huge city of Bethune has the honor of being STELLA'S birthplace. We shall not give the date of her birth, however, for we would have to refer to ancient history to get this information. STELLA is one of the best hearted girls in school, and we wish her the success that will be hers, unless some one changes her "dream of fame." She is a steady, conscientious worker in the classroom, and a good all-round girl. Would we had more like STELLA. Long may her friends enjoy her musical talent, and let us hope that "Bob" will be among them.

Le RÉSUMÉ



HENREE CATHERINE BUCHANAN.

B. A.

WINNSBORO, S. C.

*"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."*

All who know "LITTLE BUC" will agree that precious things always come in small packages. Always studious, though always ready for a little fun at the right time, she has won a place in the hearts of all who have known her during her five years at Chicora. She believes in the motto: "Better to wear out than to rust out," and we feel sure that her voice will never rust out. "When that midnight choo-choo leaves for Abam," seems to be her favorite song, and as she sings it she smiles and thinks of the time when she will leave on it—not by herself. HENREE was born in Winnsboro, S. C.—we don't know the date, but we think it was A. D. instead of B. C.



MARY LELAND EDMUNDS, B. Mus.

CONGAREE, S. C.

*"The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,
But from its heart sweet incense fills the
air.
So rich within—so pure without—art thou,
With modest mien and soul of virtue rare."*

This wonderful specimen hails from the "wilds" of Congaree. MARY is really too irrepressible to be expressed, and has caused admiration and wonder during her entire college career. She is entitled to renown in many spheres, especially for her musical ability, being quite accomplished, and winner of the vote for the best musician. But she probably has no more important claim for attention than in basket-ball playing, and the numerous victories which she has had part in during her athletic career. She is indispensable to the welfare of both varsity and class team, and was voted to be our best athlete. Her chief difficulty seems to consist in realizing the "heart-rendering" responsibilities though not the importance of Seniorhood. Among her greatest pleasures might be mentioned that of a "crush," and her "daily" from U. S. C.

Le RÉSUMÉ



ELIZABETH FANT, B. Mus.
SILVER STREET, S. C.

*"Such a one do I remember,
Whom to look on was to love."*

"BETSY" came to Chicora as a tiny girl who wore big bows of ribbon on her hair, and entered the Second High School. For two years she wrestled with Math and Latin, but she threw these aside when she became a Freshman, and devoted her entire time to music. Her voice is a lovely soprano, and has afforded many pleasant hours to those listening. All the girls would do well to follow in the footsteps of this fellow-student. She has an unassuming manner which has won for her many dear and true friends, and she is also very popular with the opposite sex.



MARGARET GRAHAM, B. A., EXPRESSION
GOURDIN, S. C.

*"Impossible is a word to be found only in
the dictionary of fools."*

We feel sure that MARGARET must have had, with Solomon, the opportunity of choosing—and wisdom was her choice. In no other way can we account for the many wonderful thoughts that creep into this tiny head, yet ever so large. She is made of ambition and clothed with perseverance. She has always had the admiration and confidence of the entire student body. Always a very active member of the Y. W. C. A., she has had offices thrust upon her in great numbers. We hate to give MARGARET up, but we know that such influence as hers is needed elsewhere in the world. Chicora is better for having had her these past few years. 'Tis better to have had and lost than never to have had at all."

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MARION GRAHAM, B. A.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

"A bright, particular star."

After completing her Freshman year at Chicora, MARION must needs go see the world, and so she spent one year at Belmont College, in Tennessee, and one at Mary Baldwin Seminary, in Virginia. But MARION grew tired of wandering, grew homesick for Greenville. So when her Senior year began she was back at Chicora. Here her sunny smile, even disposition, and friendly ways have won her many friends. Few are the girls in her class that have made higher marks, and, when others are floundering in Ethics and Science, MARION comes out with her colors flying. She is loyal to her class, true to her classmates; and these qualities win friends, and hold them.



MAY GRAHAM, B. L.
GOURDIN, S. C.

*And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."*

Five years ago May came to "old Chicora," entering as a Sub-Freshman. At once she won a place in the hearts of all; a place which she has kept during these four long years. Though gentle and quiet, she has ever been keenly alive to every phase of college life. MAY has been noted for her strict observance of all college rules, and possesses a remarkable ability for keeping study hall. Possessed of a sweet and lovable disposition, she has ever proved herself a good "all-round girl, an earnest and diligent student, a true and faithful friend."

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NITA HUNTER, B. PED.
OWINGS, S. C.

*"For when she will, she will;
And you can depend on 't.
And when she won't, she won't;
And there's an end on 't."*

NITA joined our band in January, 1912. At sight of her our hearts were won. The first glance at her might make you think she was a quiet girl. Be not deceived! When once you have seen that mischievous light dancing in her eyes, when she is seriously telling a "joke" on you, you will realize that she loves fun with the rest of us. NITA has a calm and serene expression and often appears indifferent, but to those who know her she is a girl of warm and generous nature. She is what she is, there is no hypocrisy about her. She is very independent, and, beware, lest you trample upon her rights!! The fortune-teller predicts that this girl will become a great worker in a mill village—well—"amor omnia vincit."

MARIE ANTOINETTE JACKSON, B. A.
DILLON, S. C.

*"There was place and to spare, for the frank
young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's
young gold."*

This is our efficient business manager. MARIE has been with us for four years, but it was not until our Junior year that we awoke to her true worth. It was then that she was elected class president, and ever since she has always been first in our hearts. Besides being the "sweetest" and "best all-round" girl in school, this lady with the bright tresses has shown her literary and business ability by holding and capably discharging the duties of "President of Palladian Literary Society" and "Business Manager of Le RESUME." Her hair displays her sunny disposition, and her arrival anywhere is marked by sunshine and good cheer. Wherever she may be, and whatever may be her task, MARIE is sure to succeed, and our love and hearty good wishes will ever follow our beloved class president.

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SUSIE EMMA JOHNSON, B. A.

ATLANTA, GA.

"One made up of loveliness alone."

SUSIE came to Chicora in her Sophomore year, and thereby missed one year of fun and frolic with her class. Tall, dark, with a world of merriment looking out of her dark eyes, SUSIE has won friends among all classes by her lovable ways. Rooming with her cousin, Judith Abraham, she has become one of the "tribe of Abraham," a nickname applied to SUSIE and Judith and Lena, the occupants of room number two on third floor. Unselfish, good natured, kind, sympathetic, and true she is one of the most beloved girls in school. Her friends have nothing but good to say about her and her enemies do not exist.



MARIETTA LANGFORD, B. M. S.

NEWBERRY, S. C.

*"And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me"*

"BILL" came to Chicora as a tiny girl with large bows of ribbon on her hair and short, full skirts. During her college years she has won many friends by her sunny disposition. She thrills the world with a voice like the mocking-bird, and has been a strong member of the Glee Club for three years. She has been here for five years and has shown conscientiousness in her work, and has formed a character "nobly planned to warn, to comfort, and command."

Le RÉSUMÉ



MARY ISABELLE MAYES, B. A.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

MARY came to Chicora in January of 1910. Six representatives of the Sub-Fresh class of that year have worked with her through the five years of pleasure and toil. Steadfast, strong in character, conscientious, and lovable she has been an aid to her friends. Working hard at an appointed task, MARY is ready for a good time as soon as the task is done. Few girls will hold their places in the hearts of those with whom they come in daily contact as will this bright-minded Senior.



RUTH MORRISON, B. A., B. Mus.
McCOLL, S. C.

*Her style is beautiful to see;
Ah! when she deigns to strike the key,
What trooping ecstasies she brings,
And turns my thoughts from earthly things.*

For four years RUTH has been a student at Chicora College. In that time she has won many friends, but those who know her best love her best. Most people taking both the B. A. and B. Mus. degrees think they have no time for other things, but not so with "RUTH"; she can always find time to sympathize or rejoice with those who need her. In return, though, she asks nobody's help. Independence is one of her most marked characteristics. In music she finds great pleasure, and upon it she has spent many hours of hard labor, even remaining faithful during the long winter months to that practice period at six o'clock in the morning. Her ability at the piano will doubtless win for her an honored and well-deserved place among the musicians of the day—unless some one interferes.

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CELESTE McKEOWN, B. Mus.
CORNWELL, S. C.

*"Her voice was ever gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

CELESTE McKEOWN was born and reared in Cornwell, S. C. After spending a year at Queen's College, in Charlotte, N. C., she came to Chicora in September, 1911. For the past three years she has proved to be a true friend, and is always ready to help those in trouble. Now she has finished in music and we can look into the future and see she will not enjoy the fruit of her labor alone, for "Jim" loves music too. CELESTE has dignity and modesty, and is always studious and straightforward; therefore she can be depended on.



EMMIE NESBITT, L. I.
PIEDMONT, S. C.

*"Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The Heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be."*

Good-natured, happy-hearted EMMIE came to Chicora as a Freshman, September, 1911. With her bright face and sunny disposition she has won many friends. She is a steady, conscientious worker in the classroom and we predict for her much success as a "school-marm."

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MARGARET NICKELL, B. ART.
NICKELL'S MILL, W. VA.

"By winning words and smiles to conquer willing hearts."

Dug out of the coal fields of West Virginia, "Nick" came to us in 1910. From the first moment she smiled upon us she won our hearts. She was always known as the sunniest girl in school, and we hope this characteristic will go with her through the rest of her life. She "cys" deeply when thinking of leaving Chicora, but when her thoughts wander to the "ruf" mountains and "gray" clouds of West Virginia, her smiles broaden, showing the dimples more plainly.

CLEO NORRIS, L. I
GOLDEN GROVE, S. C.

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy."

This maxim seems to have been proven in CLEO's case, for she has gone into the very heart of things in Ethics, and daily has given recitations on that formidable science with great ease and precision. We see the qualities in her for a good teacher. CLEO and her sister, Jessie, have been a good addition to our class during the last year of our work together. We know that CLEO will be equally as good in what she undertakes after she has completed her course at Chicora.

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JESSIE NORRIS, L. L.
GOLDEN GROVE, S. C.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

JESSIE has been a good and faithful worker the four years she has been at Chicora. She is full of fun and famous for her jokes. She intends to teach next year. We know she will be a success.

LULA MAE PENDER, B. PED.
COWPENS, S. C.

"Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear."

The "lone star state" should feel proud to have been the birthplace of this charming, brown-eyed lassie. She has been in South Carolina only a few years, and at Chicora only three, but a most excellent race she made this year in college politics, having been elected President of the Student Body, and receiving the vote for the most popular girl in school. LULA possesses the most precious gift of heaven, an inexhaustible good nature, and by her loving disposition she has won a place in the heart of every girl in school. When in trouble go to "PEAXUR." We had intended for her to come back to Chicora next year and hold the position of assistant voice teacher, but, from present prospects, the outline of her work is as follows: She will soon go to the sunny state of Florida and give her life to the training of wild animals. We know it to be a fact that she has caught and caged a Wolf, and ere many months have passed we know this particular animal will be perfectly tame and obedient. Who wouldn't?

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AGNES KUKER SAVERANCE, B. A.
TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

"She is never sad but when she sleeps."

AGNES, the baby of our class, came to us as a Freshman. By her light-hearted, care-free manner she has won a host of friends within these four years. No trial ever dimmed her life, until Junior Physics crossed her path. She is always "in" for any fun that comes along, although the Chicora clan claims her as one of its most conscientious charter members. Such a thing as "the blues" is unknown to this girlie, and everywhere her bright smiles and "numerous questions" expel all gloom. Truly we wish some one would weigh the heart of AGNES, for she has always been known to have the biggest and most generous heart of anybody in school. But we know that the heart of this charming baby Senior has been measured, and "he" says it is not lacking.

OLLIE SIMPSON, B. A.
PIEDMONT, S. C.

*"Generous, devoted, loving, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in
her smile."*

OLLIE, true to her name, has a lot of good solid stuff in her make-up. She never troubles trouble till trouble troubles her. If you ever take the blues go to OLLIE, because her winning smile will put you right again. She is the same jolly girl anywhere you see her, and she brightens the faces of the serious Seniors with her cheerfulness. Madame Rumor whispers that some fortunate one is waiting for OLLIE and her "dip"

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MARY TAYLOR WADE, B. M. S.
RINGGOLD, GA.

*"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing."*

MARY began her college career at "S. P. C.," Red Springs, N. C., but her love for home caused her to wish to be nearer "dear old Georgia," so she entered Chicora in her Sophomore year. We seldom find one gifted in both voice and piano, but MARY happens to be an exception to the rule; having given a recital in Voice and Piano this year. These degrees have caused her many anxious hours and sleepless nights. MARY is sincere to her many friends, and we could find none more willing to help us in time of need than this beloved girl. Although MARY is a true "Georgia cracker" we know that from the daily letters and weekly boxes of "Brock's," there is a spot in her heart for "The Volunteer State."

GRACE WEST, B. A.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."*

Bright, witty, and always ready for fun and jokes this is GRACE. She is noted for her genial disposition, and was never known to be seriously mad or troubled, except when the thought of "excuses" crossed her mind. As she has conquered all the hardships in her course at college, so also have many hearts fallen victims to her charms. It is predicted that she will be a "charming young matron in Virginia this coming year."

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LOUISE AWTRY

ACWORTH, GA.

CERTIFICATE IN CHINA PAINTING

ROXIE DIXON

BLACKSTOCK, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN BIBLE AND ENGLISH

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CARMEN EVANS

THOMASVILLE, GA.

CERTIFICATE IN VIOLIN

ROSE EVANS

THOMASVILLE, GA.

CERTIFICATE IN PIANO

Le RÉSUMÉ



ELLEN MATHESON

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN CHINA PAINTING

MARGARET STOKES

GREENVILLE, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN PIANO

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IRENE TURNER

WINNSBORO, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN PIANO

COLA WOOD

GREENVILLE, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN PIANO

Le RÉSUMÉ



VIRGINIA WOOD

GREENVILLE, S. C.

CERTIFICATE IN PIANO



Le RÉSUMÉ

Four-Year Footsteps



THAT history repeats itself is a recognized fact. Especially does every writer of a class history know how hard it is to get away from the beaten path that historians have traversed before them; and each has been appalled as the impossibility of the task became apparent. A history is a record of events, and as all class histories must recall the happenings of four years, they are virtually the same. However, things exactly alike happen to no two classes; therefore, I take heart and will endeavor to make our page of history as true to life as may be.

Before we have the reading of our last will and testament it is but fitting that we make confession of the sins we have committed. Somehow, one after another, the girls have grown confidential and whispered into my sympathizing ear some deed hitherto kept hidden away in their minds. These I have carefully guarded and will from time to time relate by way of sharing the confidences of the class.

Beginning, as is customary, with the Freshman year, I would state that among many others I especially remember one event. I can not pretend to give its cause. It may have been on account of our youth. Infants are subject to such things more or less. But suffice it to say that an important happening during our Freshman year was an epidemic of chicken-pox. A goodly number of our class were prostrated with this dreadful malady, and still bear the marks of a hard fight nobly won.

It was one day during these months that Margaret Graham sat down by her room window, and, placing her ink bottle on the window ledge, began a letter *home*. Suddenly, without any warning (one never knows how such things happen), that ink bottle just toppled over the edge, and, oh, horrible! leaning over to see the result, behold a dark stain slowly widening down the side of the building. And still more horrible! Dr. Byrd on the campus gazing upward. Down to the office the maiden went and promised that never, never would she do it again. She didn't, either. On the way back to her room she heard the sounds of woe, and, as misery loves company, she knocked at the door from behind which the sound emerged, and went in. There, stretched at full length on her bed and torn with heart-rending sobs, Marietta Langford was lost to all the world. Why? It was Saturday and her box of carnations had not come.

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These were the months that saw us bent over the triangles, circles, and polygons, trying with all our might to make the proof that: "The square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides," stick in our heads, even though we didn't believe it. So we worked and played in the time between September, 1910, and May, 1911.

Thronging our second year at Chicora there are so many, many memories, that to select from them is hard. Those who were Freshmen then, Juniors now, will, with us, recall the figure of Miss Warren, our matron that year. You may have heard an old saying to the effect that a certain bark is worse than the bite. Well, she is the only person, to my knowledge, that lived up to the adage and enjoyed herself in so doing.

The first time in her college career that May Graham ventured to break study hall, she took three steps across the hall to pay a neighborly visit. Scarcely had her footsteps cooled when Miss Warren's voice preceded her person into the room. During the time elapsing between the entrance of her voice and her person, May slipped behind the closet door and there held her breath for hours. Stella Bethune has told me that a similar thing happened to her, only she breathed the dust under Ruth Morrison's bed for *hours*.

Mentioning Miss Warren, another incident presents itself, and I must hurry on. One morning our ball team thought that, needing practice, before breakfast was a good time to get it in. So, finding, in the cold grey dawn of the early morning, that the lower hall door was locked, the ball team proceeded to use a convenient window for the means of exit. This unladylike action on the part of the team brought down maledictions upon their heads, for Miss Warren discovered the deed. Not always cross was Miss Warren, however, for when a girl was sick, really sick (woe be unto her if the sickness was feigned!), no one was gentler than our matron.

That same team of the window episode was destined to profit by the practice so hardly won. The mad chaos of that Sophomore-Freshman ball game will not be forgotten by any member of our class: The wild yelling of the rooters upon the bank—Henree Buchanan's voice above the rest; the ebb and flow of victory from one side to the other; the final, awful moment of suspense when the two teams had tied and Mary Edmunds stepped back for a fell throw. The ball flew through the air, paused, rolled in the basket just as the timekeeper snapped her watch—and the Sophomores had won the day. Oh! we yelled till we realized that though our mouths were open no sound issued forth; then we beat our hands together and did fancy figures in the air.

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Nor did we only have fun in our Sophomore year, for many weary hours were spent over the sines and co-sines, tangents and co-tangents of Trig. Chemistry also brings recollections of the hours spent among crucibles, test-tubes, and Bunsen burners, and the time Marie Jackson tried to heat alcohol—and the *results*.

Then the day Chicora spent at Clemson will always be a red-letter day in our lives. The special train; the walk from Calhoun to the college; the athletic feats of their field day; the entertainment by our chorus in their chapel—how vivid they all are! Then the ball game between Clemson and Auburn which Clemson was too excited to win; the supper they served on the lawn before the Calhoun mansion; the boys' dress parade; the display of fireworks and the big bonfire; and, last of all, the walk back to the station and the tired, but happy, return. That day was the 8th of May, 1912, and marks the loss of Mary Mayes' heart. As our visit occurred near the close of the spring term, it makes a fitting close to the year.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If Physics don't kill you, Philosophy must."

With such a warning was our Junior year begun. As the Seniors of 1912 uttered the couplet we accepted the challenge implied and answered that if *they* had pulled through we would at least *try*. Lula Pender and Celeste McKeown had joined us as Sophomores; Almer Barentine cast in her lot with ours as Juniors; all of us helping to lift the burdens that attend the path of a Junior.

The works of Shakespeare engaged our attention as well as Millikan and Gale's Physics and Haven's Mental Philosophy. And it is hard to tell whether Margaret Nickell excelled most in discussing the madness of Hamlet or in learning the powers of the mind. Needless to say, she knew the use of the said powers. As the plays of Shakespeare were supposed to fill us with inspiration, we were required to write a play. Hush! the groans may still be echoing through Chicora's halls, or those we hear may be the lately uttered ones of this year's Juniors.

One rainy day in April a crowd of Juniors might have been seen hard at work in the college parlors. Flowers were being arranged on tables; ferns were banked around the grates. Black and yellow crêpe paper vied with light blue and gold for prominence. What did it all mean? Ask Mary Wade,

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Ruth Morrison, and Elizabeth Fant. They came not away heart whole from the reception we gave the Seniors last spring.

But another confession must be made before closing the list of events for 1912 to 1913. Every one will admit the pleasure of automobiling, and Nita Hunter and Agnes Saverance will say that they had a good time even if they were demerited for it. Stolen things are sweetest, anyway.

When a class begins its Senior year, there is usually a falling off of numbers, and so it was with us. But, strange to say, we had five additions to the class too. Ollie Simpson, Emmie Nesbit, Cleo and Jessie Norris, and Marion Graham fell into step among the ranks and turned their faces toward the goal all of us sought. Into deep waters we plunged and waded up to our necks in such things as Ethics and Economics, and stared with wondering eyes at Astronomy. In any one of these classes you might any day see Judith Abraham, Susie Johnson, and Lena Atkins (known as the tribe of Abraham), file in the classroom just a second before their names were called. They were greeted, of course, by a giggle from the class, and then every one turned her attention to the task before her, whether it was the discovery of Neptune or how to remedy the tariff.

As our college course began with chicken-pox, so, near its close, we were threatened with smallpox, which was in the city. The school had to be vaccinated; and it is needless to say the vaccinations of the Seniors *took*—and took with all the attendant train of ills.

Then there are several incidents that will have to be left out in detail, but we will not forget one jot or tittle of them. The Thanksgiving dinner that Miss Gordon gave, and the Senior table. We also have cause to remember the trip to Cesar's Head and the consequences—the consequences that dragged themselves out over the whole week after our return. Then we have also cause to remember how we have striven with the annual. That, indeed, is a mighty undertaking. Disappointments, disallusionments, and plain, hard work, all accompany the getting out of an annual.

Now we have come to the close of our college career. We have taken one last look at our four-years' path and seen for the last time our footprints behind us. We have shared our trials and pleasures, and realized the truth of our class motto chosen long ago, for truly our victory has not been without labor. We know that the fruit of our labors will go with us throughout life, and I have tried to sum up some of our memories, and hope that we will recall them pleasantly in future years. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

MARGARET GRAHAM,

Historian.

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Class Prophecy of 1914



IN the various appointments for the closing duties of the Class of 1914, it fell to my lot to assume the responsibility of forecasting the years to come, and, as class prophet, to unite the shadowy unknown to the realities of the present. How to accomplish this became at once the absorbing question of my life, and for days I went about with an abstracted air that caused my associates to regard me with suspicion, as laboring either under an accusing conscience, or a mild form of temporary lunacy.

So complete was the absorption that it even invaded my study hours, and one evening, while wrestling with the preparation for an astronomy test, there came such a commingling of the two subjects, that it finally evolved into a vision of the night. Perhaps I fell asleep, but I am sure the outcome was a revelation, and I give it to you just as it came to me.

I found myself walking out in the woods—in what locality I can not say. I was thinking of the days at Chicora, and of all the pleasant times we, as students, had together, when, as I came to a turn in the path, I saw before me a huge, dome-shaped building, with large windows in every possible space. As the discovery was so unexpected, I determined to investigate matters, and upon looking in one of the windows, I saw an old man with long, white hair. I must have made a noise, because he turned, started, and then beckoned. I went in, and he said:

"Perhaps you are astonished to find such a place out here in the woods, and I know you are wondering who I am. Well, this is 'Todd.' I am an astronomer."

In a minute it swept over me how I had labored through his writings in the past year. And I replied:

"How strange that we should meet, for I am now getting ready for an examination in your delightful book."

He seemed pleased, and at once offered to show me some of his appliances for work.

We stopped before an immense telescope, and, after looking through it with great wonder and delight, I said:

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"This is very different from the way I go star gazing with my classmates; I am feeling right sad to-night, because we are to separate so soon. I wish that I could see into the future through your telescope, as well as into space, and see where we will be ten years from now as we look up at the same sky."

Instantly the old man was roused.

"Why," he said, "I can accomplish that for you. I have made a special study of astrology recently, and if you will describe the persons, I will cast their horoscopes, and deduce the coming events."

You can imagine how excited I was as we hurried to the room where his instruments were kept. I can't describe how he went about it, for it was all a mystery to me; but, as I gave the names and descriptions, he read the future of each one, and I felt that in some way every word was being stamped upon my brain. When he had finished I eagerly said:

"Now give me my own fate," but at that moment everything grew dim, and I awoke with a start to find myself still at Chicora.

Immediately I arose and wrote down the revealings; so I hold in my hand, dear girls, the prophecy of your destinies, and as I make it known to you, I am sure you will agree with me that it "was not all a dream," but a return to the old order of a message through the medium of sleep.

The first revealing was of our honored class president, and I was not surprised to find that the same serene dignity which has impressed us so deeply in our student relation, should be maintained in a future presenting of a fair MARIE, first, as a popular teacher in a state normal; second, as life assistant to the grave principal of the school in a matrimonial combination.

The MISSES NORRIS were also seen in the pedagogical field, at the head of a large, but extremely select, private school, and associated with them were two classmates, OLLIE SIMPSON, as principal of the literary department, and ALMER, the passion of her life fulfilled, as a teacher of Economics.

The GRAHAM SISTERS were shown in active public life. MAY, as associate editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, had made name and fame by an article on "How to Economize on the Farm." MARGARET, as the acknowledged platform orator of the suffragettes, was attaining a national reputation.

The poetic world was paying tribute to the dreamy-eyed Lena, our class poet, who has already been recognized as a budding genius.

After this, there followed in quick succession those who will shine as musical stars:

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MARY EDMUNDS, in confirmation of the Chicora vote, engaged in studio work, with an immense following (the followers including many music "lovers" of the opposite sex).

ELIZABETH FANT, refusing a public career that she might devote herself to the "Prosperity" of her native town, regarded as a public benefactor.

STELLA BETHUNE and MARY WADE, in shining careers under Lyceum control, securing both dollars and admirers in abundance.

RUTH MORRISON in conservatory work, impressing every one with her forceful dignity, as well as her musical ability.

In the art realm, MARGARET NICKELL was depicted in a foreign land, creating a stir as an American prodigy. Yet, from the profusion of crimson roses about her, one might suspect a stir as an "American Beauty."

And now the interest centered on the domestic side, and in a supremely happy young woman, settled in a charming home, I recognized one of our number who, in Chicora days, had proclaimed her sentiments to be one with that famous sentence in a famous speech: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or——etc."

CELESTE was indicated as having joined forces with a hearty young farmer, and JUDITH, the mistress of a pretty manse in a neighboring town, was realizing her heart's desire as a helpmate in a ministerial life.

Again the name of SIMPSON was brought out, but this time it was a brother that claimed attention. Why? Because at his side, in a blushing endeavor to disguise newly-wedded bliss, sat our own EMMIE.

Another scene of domestic happiness gave a rather unusual outlook. A modest gateway bore over it the inscription, "Friendship Settlement," and in the doorway of a neat little homestead, a gentle-voiced woman stood calling: "Sweetheart, sweetheart," when, lo! instead of a manly form appearing in response, a woman's tones were borne upon the air: "Coming, sweetheart," and soon a sturdy form, with swinging gait, was in view, and I saw that MARIETTA and her ELLEN had combined in an independent line of life.

From this we turned to the social whirl; and here we found many scattered Chicoreans throughout the land, as society leaders; some as matrons and some on the verge of matrimony. Virginia claimed GRACE; MARION GRAHAM, in New York, figured as a quoted authority on all changing modes of fashion; AGNES as a leader of the exclusive set in Timmons ville; MARY MAYES, as a belle in Greenville, but unable to decide upon which of the many

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admirers to bestow her charms; and way down in Alabama was found the smiling face of HENREE—but with a different surname from that familiar to our ears.

Then came another social worker, but in an aspect unlike the rest, and SUSIE was forecast as a helper of our mill-hand sisters toward social betterment and ethical uplift. One view remained. Among those who had not selected life partners, shadowy forms hovered, suggestive of a near future in double relations. Perhaps at some future time the recorder herself may find a life-dream realized.

And now with such brilliant prospects before you, what more need be said?

The Class of 1914 has ever been regarded by the faculty as an irresistible—not to say irrepressible—body of students, and we know that our instructors are rejoicing in the honors that will come to them through the prospectus presented to-day. But I can not close without one foretelling which needs no revelation of the seer for its construction, for it will be a living effect of a positive cause.

In all earnestness I would say that whatever each lot in life may be, the loving spell of past associations will be over us as a common incentive to turn our steps toward the heights of the true, the good, the beautiful. And this, as the consummation of our student life at Chicora, brings a vista that reaches out through the passing years into the eternities.

LULA MAE PENDER,

Prophet

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Class Will

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF GREENVILLE

I, Margaret Nickell, in behalf of the Senior Class of 1914, of Chicora College, realizing that, owing to a lightness of the head, due to swelling, and a heaviness of the heart, caused by examinations, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament.

ITEM I. I, Judith Abraham, do will and bequeath to Mary Emma Gee my early morning practice periods, hoping that she will put them to as good use as I have. To Gertrude Chamberlain I will a goodly portion of my dignity, and to Natalie Awtrey I leave the results of my attempts to enter Faculty Meeting while that dignified body is assembled in the library.

ITEM II. I, Lena Parham Atkins, having at last completed, after many painful hours, Browning's "Ring and the Book," do gladly will and bequeath to Ellen Matheson my constantly occupied chair in the library, hoping that she may derive even more benefit than I have from reading Senior Parallel. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to Hazel Graham my habit of great alacrity on the ringing of the bells.

ITEM III. I, Almer Barentine, do hereby will and bequeath to Ruth Wilson my curly locks; to Rose Evans the privilege of receiving Clemson "kidets." I also will my new black furs to Helen McCoy, with the hope that she will use them with great care, and wear them only on special occasions.

ITEM IV. I, Stella Bethune, do will and bequeath to Lucz Morris my fondness for having Furman Seniors call every two weeks. I also will to Evelyn Henry my great talent for playing "rag," hoping that she may be as successful with it as I have.

ITEM V. I, Henree Buchanan, do hereby will and bequeath Miss Downes to Vera Murrah. To Nan Vincent I will my independence, my

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dignity, and also my knowledge of Ethics. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to the occupants of my room the pleasure of being waked up at six o'clock every morning by those melodious melodies which proceed from the practice rooms.

ITEM VI. I, Mary Edmunds, do hereby will and bequeath to Vera Murrah my privilege of laughing during study hall. To "Fatty" Adams I will my privilege of rising at 6 a. m. to practice, hoping that by this, together with her frequent climbs to 3d floor, she will realize her fondest dream and lose some fifty pounds of avoirdupois within the next session. Furthermore, to Dr. S. C. Byrd, I will my one gray hair, since the cause of this great catastrophe was the study of "Theoretical Ethics."

ITEM VII. I, Elizabeth Fant, do will and bequeath to Helen Lathan and Annie Fellers my love for flirting with the Furman boys. My numerous Clemson callers I leave to Dora Black, hoping she may make good use of one short hour every two weeks. To Tena Wise I do will and bequeath my friends, the rats in room No. 6, 1st floor.

ITEM VIII. I, May Graham, do will and bequeath to Mary Jordan and Mary Miller my unusual height to be equally divided among them. My Senior robe I leave to Tena Wise. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to Marion Henry and Katherine Wenck my privilege of breaking morning study hall. My perfectly good cake of Bon Ami I leave to Lillie Mae Hughes and Vera Murrah, hoping they will get as much good out of it as I did. Lastly, I do will and bequeath my spacious room to my young sisters and my roommate, Irene Epps.

ITEM IX. I, Margaret Graham, do will and bequeath to the "Union girls" all my rubber heels, with the hope that their neighbors across the hall will not be disturbed by noise next year. To my next-door neighbors, Emmie Ferrell and Frankie Cook, I do will and bequeath the graphic code of pounding upon the walls of our room. I do likewise will to Maud Wilson the prominent freckle upon my nose; may it be centrally located in her face as it has been in mine. I also will to my sisters, Dora and Hazel, my ability for making them do things they do not wish to do.

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ITEM X. I, Marion Graham, do will and bequeath my slender figure to Mary Miller. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to Mary Patton my love for flirting. To Cecil Brawley and the other high school day pupils I leave my highly valued privilege of leaving the campus in vacant periods.

ITEM XI. I, Nita Hunter, do hereby will and bequeath to T. Hunter all my Senior privileges and methods of reform, with an earnest desire that she will execute to the best of her ability the above duties.

ITEM XII. I, Marie Jackson, do hereby will and bequeath to my beloved nurse, Miss Godfrey, my unfailing success in curing all kinds of diseases by giving my patients a La Grippe Capsule. To my faithful Science teacher, Miss Charles, I will my extraordinary knowledge of the heavenly bodies, with the hope that she will not let her head overflow with astronomical knowledge, as mine is trying to do. Last of all, I will my very modest and retiring roommate, Blanche Smith, my desire to "go home and see my ma."

ITEM XIII. I, Susie Johnson, do bequeath all marks which I have received above 90 to be equally divided between Mildred and Janie Wells Kilgore, hoping that with the help of these they may be enabled to pass. Furthermore, to Lucille Phillips I leave my dusky tresses, with the regret that they are of too light a shade to mingle well with her raven locks. Lastly, to Annie Fellers I give my empty chair in the "Chicora Clan."

ITEM XIV. I, Marietta Langford, do will and bequeath to Dr. H. H. Bellamann my saucer of pineapple cream. To Ellen Matheson I will the things she covets most—my dimples. To Mrs. Bellamann I will and bequeath my numerous gray hairs, caused from swelling notes.

ITEM XV. I, Mary Mayes, do will and bequeath to Carrie Reynolds my ability to keep quiet in study hall. To Emmie Ferrell, T. Hunter, Dora Graham, and Frankie Cook I will my tennis court, in order that they may not have to walk on the back streets. The front streets are used by the Furman boys.

ITEM XVI. I, Celeste McKeown, do will and bequeath to Katherine Bridgeman my curly hair so she may not have the trouble of borrowing "curling tongs" in the future. To Ellen Matheson I will my art of crushing.

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ITEM XVII. I, Ruth Morrison, do will and bequeath to T. Hunter my ambitious roommate, my alarm clock, and will power, the necessary constituents for rising at 5:30 every morning. To Frankie Cook I will all my Senior privileges, hoping that she may especially enjoy "making dates" every other Saturday night.

ITEM XVIII. I, Jessie Norris, do hereby will and bequeath my Senior books to Carrie Reynolds, hoping that they may be well cared for until she is ready for them, and that they may be studied as much in the future as they have been in the past. I leave to Frances Cauble my love for the dear old study hall.

ITEM XIX. I, Cleo Norris, do will and bequeath to Cecil Brawley and Nettie Mae Mackey all my privileges as a Senior day pupil. To Hazel Morris I will my habit of walking through the hall after the bell has rung.

ITEM XX. We, Emmie Nesbitt and Ollie Simpson, do will and bequeath to Cecil Owings and Esther Dorroh our places as Senior chums. We also will our caps and robes to Vivian Huff and Azile Bozeman, provided that there be no alterations made in the length of these garments. Our skill in playing the mandolin we will to Miss Godfrey.

ITEM XXI. I, Lula Mae Pender, do will and bequeath to Marguerite Simpson my good luck of receiving a letter every day, hoping that the contents of hers will inspire her for the good as much as mine helped me. To Clara Holderness I ask to give my position as president of the student body, and all the privileges that accompany the said office. Furthermore, to Dorothy Starbuck and Katherine Wenck I will their shoe buttoner, and with the solemn admonition to keep it in a convenient place, as I did for them.

ITEM XXII. I, Agnes Saverance, do will and bequeath to Marguerite Simpson and Kathleen James my ability to recall answers in Evidences of Christianity. Furthermore, I will and bequeath my large room, with its spacious windows and numerous doors, to the "Union girls."

ITEM XXIII. I, Mary Wade, do will and bequeath to the occupants of room 28 my privilege of attending picture shows, of accepting invitations to tea on Saturday afternoons, and of taking long strolls every week day. I also

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will and bequeath to my sister, Julia Wade, and to my friend, Louise Awtrey, my love for Ethics, hoping that they may master the subject with less study and more pleasure than I have.

ITEM XXIV. I, Grace West, do will and bequeath to Annie Lou McDaniel, Cecil Brawley, Nettie Mae Mackey, and Helen Seyle, my daily privilege of going to West End. To Frances Cauble I will my love for circus pop-corn, ice cream cones, delicate tomatoes, and parched peanuts. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to all my teachers my privilege of going to the theater. To Carrie Reynolds I leave the privilege of hearing that old, old story, "Bring your excuse," related most impressively by Mrs. Byrd.

ITEM XXV. I, Margaret Nickell, do will and bequeath to Katherine Wenck my art of talking to the faculty, hoping that she may enjoy it as much in the future as I have in the past. To Marion Henry I will my curly locks, to replace those she lost by steam heat, with the hope that she will always keep them pinned on securely, and never lose them. Last of all, I will to my roommate, Ruth McCardle, my well-used dictionary, hoping she will always spell correctly when writing to A. B.

ITEM XXVI. We, the Senior Class of 1914, do will and bequeath to the brilliant Seniors of the coming year all our Senior privileges. To our faithful faculty we will the privilege of chaperoning Freshmen down street, and having callers twice a month, with the hopes that they will enjoy it as much as we have.

And now that our death knoll has been sounded, we take our departure with good feeling toward all, and with the hope that our alma mater will soon receive a blessing from the labors of each member of the great Class 1914.

In witness thereof, the said Class of 1914 do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the 19th day of May, 1914.

(Lawyer) MARGARET NICKELL

Witnesses { JEAN WITHERSPOON
 { VIRGINIA WADDELL STUART

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Nulla Victoria Sine Labore

On the high-worn plains of Endeavor
Stands a castle old and gray ;
The path is so ancient and rugged
Far up the steep, craggy way,
Many here have bravely conquered
The doubts that darkly lay,
And anciently many have entered,
As all who have striven may.

It is told in a mythical legend
That on the Olympian mount
The goddesses keep a cloud portal
While the fleeting seasons they count
To the wondrous strains of the lyre
The deities dream and rest ,
Until beautiful fays of the sunset
Have painted the radiant west.

To enter our Castle of Knowledge,
Like the ideal mount of the gods,
One may toil and yet be unwearied
O'er the trodden, yet ever-fresh sods,
For above lies the goal of all efforts ;
There are secrets in golden writ ;
From the presence of fame-crowned Apollo
Soft spirits of music flit.

To have what he touched become golden
Was the wish of the mythical king ;
The great, peaceful ruler of Israel
Chose wisdom to which he might cling,
In our path up the steep to the castle,
For the riches of knowledge we yearn,
That, attained, we may hold them the treasures
Whereby life's great lessons to learn

LENA PARHAM ATKINS

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Junior Class

MOTTO: Ad astra per aspera

FLOWER: Sweetpea

COLORS: Navy and Gold

OFFICERS

ESTHER DORROH	PRESIDENT
LILLIE MAE HUGHES	VICE-PRESIDENT
T. CRAIG HUNTER	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
ALETHEA MAYES	HISTORIAN
MARY JONES	EDITOR



JUNIOR CLASS

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Junior Class

MEMBERS

BETTIE BATSON

ANNIE BOYD

ANNIE FELLERS

LILLIE MAE HUGHES

KATHLEEN JAMES

MARY JONES

ALETHEA MAVES

VERA MURRAH

MYRTLE McKEOWN

DORA BLACK

ESTHER DORROH

EMMIE FERRELL

T. CRAIG HUNTER

ANNIE JENKINSON

ELLEN MATHESON

INEZ MORRIS

ANNIE LOU McDANIEL

CÉCIL OWINGS

LUCILLE PHILIPPS

MARGUERITE SIMPSON

MARGARET STOKES

NAN VINCENT

JULIA WADE

TENA WISE

GRACE WYATT

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History of the Class of 1915



WO years ago we were Freshmen—Freshmen in every sense of the word. Soon, however, this “Comedy of Errors,” as it has been called, was over, and, over, “Much Ado About Nothing” began, as last year we styled ourselves Sophomores. But, alas! this Junior year has not been “As You Like It.” It has been for us “The Tempest.” We have tried to be brave, and, indeed, we have needed courage. To meet that giant, Mental Philosophy, face to face three times a week takes all the skill of a David, and many a one has felt like a David without a sling. Then, we meet Physics this year, that *pons asinorum* of a college girl; but this is looking on the gloomy side. This Junior year has been in many respects a happy one. Never before in the history of the class has class spirit been as strong. Never have the girls stood together so. We are proud of our Junior class—proud of every single girl. May we each be able, on the twenty-third of May, nineteen-fifteen, to joyfully exclaim:

“All’s Well that Ends Well!”

ALETHEA MAYES,

Historian.

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Sophomore Class

MOTTO *Fides ad finem*

FLOWER, Violet

COLORS, Purple and Gold

OFFICERS

LOUISE PARSONS.....	PRESIDENT
MILDRED KILGORE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
NELL MCLEES.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
MOLIVIA TAYLOR.....	HISTORIAN
ROSA GARNER.....	EDITOR

MEMBERS

LILLIE ADAMS	JANIE KILGORE	EUGENIA MCGREGOR
SALLIE BOOZER	MILDRED KILGORE	NELL MCLEES
GRACE CARPENTER	CORINNE LITTLE	LOUISE MCQUEEN
FRANKIE COOK	FRONDE LIVINGSTON	DOROTHY OFFICER
ESTHER COOPER	MABEL LIVINGSTON	LOUISE PARSONS
FRANCES CAUBLE	RUTH MEACHAM	CARRIE REYNOLDS
ROSA GARNER	HAZEL MORRIS	HELEN SEYLE
CHARLIE GARRISON	ELIZABETH MCCRACKIN	MAYSIE SEYLE
MARY JORDAN	RUTH MCCRACKIN	BLANCH SMITH
EMILY JORDAN	RUTH MCCARDLI	MOLIVIA TAYLOR
LETITIA KEY		MAUD WILSON



SOPHOMORE CLASS

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Sophomore Class History



WE, the Sophomore Class, began our career as college students September, 1912, a band of sixty-five Freshmen; green, 'tis true, but with all due meekness and humility belonging to Freshmen. It did not take us long, however, to become accustomed to college life, and soon we felt as important as any Senior.

When September drew back the curtain again, the once-called Freshmen, with new names on their list, appeared on the stage as zealous Sophomores. Remembering our own feelings on our arrival in the unknown college walks the year before, we made great efforts to make pleasant the ways of the Freshmen.

We learned, too, that more difficult work awaited us in the Sophomore Class, so our added dignity came high. We went at those tasks with our new supply of energy that we had stored up during the vacation. Thus, having had one year's experience, we trod more easily the path laid out for us.

Now, with our Sophomore work completed, by standing high on our toes, and straining our eyes, we are able to see dim visions of that far-away goal—the Senior Class.

MOLIVIA TAYLOR,

Historian.



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

EVELYN HENRY
 SARAH WILLIAMS
 THEO HOOD.....
 ELIZA WOODSIDE.....

PRESIDENT
 VICE-PRESIDENT
 SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

ANNIE BARR
 AGGIE BOYD
 CLAUDIE BUCHANAN
 JOSIE BARTELL
 CLARA BOWERS
 NENA CARPENTER
 SUSIE CRAWFORD
 SELMA CRAIG
 GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN
 ANGIE DANTZLER
 SALLIE DIXON
 MARY JORDAN
 MARGIE GASTON
 DORA GODDARD
 ILEE GAMBLE

MARTHA GAMBLE
 NELL HONOUR
 SUSAN HOWZE
 LENIE HUNTLEY
 VIVIAN HUBB
 EVELYN HENRY
 MARY PECK HAY
 THEO HOOD
 KATE JOHNSON
 NETTIE JETER
 SARAH KENNEDY
 HELEN LATHAN
 VIOLA MCLEMORE
 SARAH MCCOWN

NANNIE MCCRARY
 HELEN MCCOY
 CECILE MCKEITHAN
 CORNELIA OLIVER
 MARGUERITE PARKER
 MARY RATCHFORD
 SAMMA SLAUGHTER
 HARRIETTE SIMPSON
 VERLIE STANTON
 EDNA STALLWORTH
 LOUISE TAYLOR
 RUTH WILSON
 KATHERYN WENCK
 SARAH WILLIAMS
 ELIZA WOODSIDE



FRESHMAN CLASS

Le RÉSUMÉ

History of the Freshman Class



SEPTEMBER the tenth, nineteen-thirteen, began a new era in the lives of forty-six ambitious girls, for on that day they began their career as Freshmen in Chicora College. The first few days of tears and homesickness were not very hopeful prospects for the coming year, but those were soon done away with, and we settled down to steady work.

It was hard to get used to college ways, and we often made blunders. Did we bear our trials and heartaches alone? No; each girl had soon found friends in whom she confided, and it made our troubles easier to be borne. After the long Christmas holiday we were not so ready for work, but we realized that half the session was over and that we were on the "home stretch," so the old routine was resumed.

With Evelyn Henry as president, Sarah Williams as vice-president, and Theo Wood as secretary, the Freshman Class has already shown that it is capable of doing something worth while. I am sure that in nineteen-seventeen it will be a graduating class that will reflect honor upon our alma mater

ELIZA WOODSIDE,

Historian.

Le RÉSUMÉ



Sub-Freshman Class

OFFICERS

WILHELMINA MAYES	PRESIDENT
ALICE CLEMMONS	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH JONES	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

WILLIE ARMSTRONG	HAZEL GRAHAM	NELLE MAE MACKEY
NATALIE AWTKEY	VIRGINIA GRIFFIN	WILHELMINA MAYES
AZILE BOZEMAN	MARION HENRY	HELEN MORGAN
CECIL BRAMLEY	CLARE HOLDERNESS	ELEANOR O'NEAL
ALICE CLEMMONS	MARGUERITE HOOD	CAROLINE STEWART
MARIE FRIERSON	RUTH JONES	EDITH WILLINGHAM



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

SPECIALS

MOTTO: Aim high and consider yourself capable of good things

FLOWER: Sweetpea

COLORS: Pink and Green

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IRENE TURNER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
DORIS GIBERT.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
LORENE JORDAN.....	HISTORIAN
MARY EMMA GEE.....	EDITOR

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NANNIE ADDISON	MARY EMMA GEE
LOUISE AWTREY	PAROLIE GOLDSMITH
SUSIE CRAWFORD	DORIS GIBERT
ROXIE DIXON	ANNIE HODGINS
JENNIE ENGELS	LORENE JORDAN
IRENE EPPES	SUE KENNEDY
ROSE EVANS	ESSIE ROGERS
CARMEN EVANS	FANNIE MILLER
MARTHA GAMBLE	BEATRICE SYKES
IRENE TURNER	



Le RÉSUMÉ



Le RÉSUMÉ

Book I, Ode IX—Horace

White with the winter's fall of snow,
 Soracte glistening stands.
Beneath its frozen burden, low
 Each pine and hemlock bends;
And by King Winter's icy breath the rivers
 are congealed

Make cheer within. Dispel the frost.
 Heap logs upon the fire.
O Thaliarcus, be the host,
 And, as the flames mount higher,
Bring down thy store, that nectar sweet
 which Sabine wine-pots yield.

Leave to the gods above thy cares,
 And make thy heart at ease.
A peaceful lull shall calm thy fears
 When o'er the stormy seas
They do but breathe; and billows wild, lie
 motionless and still.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know,
 But count to-day as gain;
A gift of Fortune, Take thou heed
 Lest it be spent in vain.
Spurn not affection, join the dance; of
 pleasure drink thy fill.

Look not with scorn on youthful love.
 How sweet the trysting hour!
The whispers soft; the stars above;
 Enjoy while in thy power,
While far from thee the hoary hairs of
 age are absent still.

A. C. M., '15.

To Lesbia

CATULLUS 5

Counting all else but empty weariness,
 Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love,
And name as void the sage's seriousness,
 Whose warnings are with malice interwove
Now let us live—for life holds much of love
While shines as now our steadfast, too-brief light,
 And let us love while yet it is above,
Before deep darkness seals perpetual night.
 Give me a thousand kisses and again
A thousand and still two hundred give me,
 And when we have another thousand, then
Forget that such uncounted thousands be,
 Lest, envying our joy, they try to count
What we, unheeding, find in love's deep fount.

L. P. A., '14





MARIETTA LANGFORD



LENA ATKINS

KRATIAN PRESIDENTS—'13-'14

Le RÉSUMÉ

Kratian Literary Society

MOTTO: *Age quod agis*

FLOWER: Marechal Niel Rose

COLOR: Gold

OFFICERS

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MARIETTA LANGFORD	PRESIDENT
VERA MURRAH	VICE-PRESIDENT
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T. HUNTER	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
ALMER BARENTINE	TREASURER
MARY EDMUNDS	MARSHALS
LUCILE PHILLIPS	
ROSE EVANS	

SECOND TERM

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JENNIE ENGELS	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARGUERITE SIMPSON	RECORDING SECRETARY
LUCILE PHILLIPS	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
LOUISE PARSONS	TREASURER
LETITIA KEY	MARSHALS
JANIE KILGORE	
ESTHER COOPER	



KRATIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Le RÉSUMÉ

Kratian Literary Society

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NANNIE ADDISON
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SALLIE BOOZER
AZILE BOZEMAN
HENREE BUCHANAN
CLAUDIA BUCHANAN
ALMER BARENTINE
CLARA BOWERS
CHARLOTTE BROWN
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ESTHER COOPER
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THEO HOOD
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NETTIE JETER
LETITIA KEY
MILDRED KILGORE
JANIE KILGORE
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RUTH MCCrackIN
LIZZIE MCCrackIN
SARAH MCCOWN
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OLIVE WATSON
EDITH WILLINGHAM

Le RÉSUMÉ

An Empty Cocoon

Swept from your place in unfrequented ways
Where neither rain nor wind, nor sun oppress
The dream-like life you safely guarded, dead
Perchance that did your perfect pattern wind.
The cast-off garment of forgotten days—
The ladder rung that led to some success,
You lie an empty mass of thread,
Trod under by the foot of all mankind.
Yet not in vain was that long waiting hour
When hid away beneath some pale, pure flower;
A lovely, wondrous winged thing was born
That filled with new delight the summer morn,
As with first feeble strength it slow began
To lift its wings, that glanced beneath the sun.

M. G., '14.

To a Butterfly

Dainty, gay creature of the air,
Thou bit of the midnight sky
Dropped from the aerial dome
To brighten the earth, not die;
Like the misty clouds that float o'erhead
Are thy gauzy, filmy wings.
Surely thy loveliness belongs
To the world of unreal things.
The sweetest in life is always found
In thy search among the flowers;
Thy path is among the sunniest fields,
And the sweetest scent-laden bowers.
Oh, for a moment with us remain—
But, alas! thou'rt gone again.

M. L. M., '14.





MARIE JACKSON



JUDITH ABRAHAM

PALLADIUM PRESIDENTS--'13-'14

Le RÉSUMÉ

Palladian Literary Society

MOTTO Strive after excellence

FLOWER Red Carnation

COLORS: Red and Emerald Green

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ELLEN MATHESON	TREASURER
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ANNIE BOYD	
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TENA WISE.....	TREASURER
EVELYN HENRY	MARSHALS
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SUSAN HOWZE	
NELL McLEES.	HISTORIAN



PALLADIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Le RÉSUMÉ

Palladian Literary Society

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RUTH MORRISON
CELESTE MCKEOWN
MYRTLE MCKEOWN
JEAN MCGREGOR

RUTH MCCARDELL
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CECIL MCKEITHAN
EMMIE NESBITT
MARGARET NICKELL
DOROTHY OFFICER
IONE PRICE
MARY RATCHFORD
OLLIE SIMPSON
ELOISE STEELE
BLANCHE SMITH
ETHEL SMITH
SAMMA SLAUGHTER
EDNA STALLWORTH
DOROTHY STARBUCK
IRENE TURNER
LOUISE TAYLOR
NAN VINCENT
TENA WISE
GRACE WYATT
MAUDE WILSON
KATHERINE WENCK
RUTH WILSON

Le RÉSUMÉ

A Butterfly

Flitting from flower to flower
With never a thought nor a care
Hiding 'neath leaves from a shower
And resting your wings anywhere

Beautiful, splendidly fashioned,
With delicate motions of air:
Never rage-torn, nor impassioned
Thy short summered life is so fair

Sweets from the hearts of the roses,
And nectar from each pansy bed,
Gleaned as the flower uncloses,
You drink in the treasure widespread.

Pause on the lips of the roses,
And seek out the deep honey mine.
Scarcely a petal discloses
A color so lovely as thine.

All through the still, sunny weather
You loiter your short life away.
"Beauty and peace go together,"
You say to the world, as you may.

M. G., '14



Library

Le RÉSUMÉ

A Thief in the Night



SUSANNA, why are you and Seymour so late for dinner to-night?" asked Mrs. Hastings as the two took their places at the table. "The dinner gong sounded at least fifteen minutes ago."

"I'm sorry we're so late," said Susanna Brooke, "but we have had such an exciting time while canoeing this afternoon. We stopped at the dearest little island. Where was it, Seymour?"

"Oh, I know," put in Polly Hastings, "it must be Swan's Island, where we camped last summer. But something exciting must have happened, from the expression on the faces of you two. Come, tell us about it. I'm dying for some excitement."

"Well, your wish is granted forthwith as to the excitement," said Seymour Hastings. "How does a robbery appeal to you, and particularly one in our own vicinity?"

"Where? Who? When? Do tell us about it?" came from all directions.

"Not so many questions, please," laughed Seymour. "Want to tell about it, Susanna?"

"Oh, no, you tell it," answered Susanna, shivering; "it just gives one the 'creeps' to think about it."

"Well, then, when we got off on the island, hoping for a nice, quiet half-hour, we were beset by the whole Allan tribe, with a host of other friends."

"Do hurry, Seymour, you do so love to keep people in suspense," put in Polly.

"Give me time and I'll tell you, Polly; you're so impatient," answered her brother. "Well, to proceed, everybody wanted to know if we had lost anything, and if the robbers had been over here. They said Ruby Neward, the Allans' guest, had lost an emerald ring—an old heirloom. That was the first thing missed; then, over at the Milhausts' some silver and a few other things. All through the neighborhood for the past week things have been missed."

Le RÉSUMÉ

"Are you in earnest, Seymour?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Hastings, that is what we were told," answered Susanna.

"Well, we must see that everything is carefully guarded to-night, but I don't think we need be alarmed over here, for nothing like that has ever happened," said Mrs. Hastings.

"Anyway, I think it wise to be careful," remarked Mrs. Hastings.

This started the "ball to rolling," as it were, and around the table it went—stories of robberies—each guest trying to improve on the last told.

"Do hush these awful tales," cried Polly, "they make me feel 'shivery,' and I know I'll dream about them all night."

After dinner the robberies were forgotten in the excitement of the dance which was to take place that night at the house of the Hastings. At the dance robberies were again discussed, and each guest had a new and different tale. Some recounted marvelous adventures that had happened in the neighborhood years ago.

It was late when the last guest departed, and of the household, Polly and Susanna were the last to go up. Susanna Brooke had been with the Hastings for about ten years. Susanna's father was a great friend of Mr. Hastings, so at Mr. Brooke's death he had asked Mr. Hastings to take his daughter, as she would be left without any near relatives, and would have no place to call home. Mr. Hastings assured his friend that Susanna could always live with him as long as she should wish.

"But I think, Mr. Hastings, that I should work and not intrude into your family," protested Susanna after her father's death.

"Intrude, my dear? Indeed, we will only be too glad to have you. I'm sure my wife will welcome you, and my son and daughter find in you a charming little sister."

"O sir, you are too kind," sobbed Susanna.

Nevertheless, it came about that Susanna was taken to the Hastings'; at first she was treated as one of the family, but after she had been there a while Mrs. Hastings found that perhaps she would have a rival for Polly in Susanna, and was always trying to find something for an excuse to get rid of the girl. Whenever Susanna appeared in society she was constantly beset by a host of young men eager to claim her attention. Susanna seemed not to heed these ardent admirers at all, but found her greatest pleasure in being with Seymour,

Le RÉSUMÉ

for with him she could be her own frank self. From the time Susanna had stepped off the train Seymour's heart had gone out in sympathy to the lonely girl, and in those first days when everything was so new and strange to her, Seymour was never weary of planning little things for her, showing in a thousand different ways his sympathy and love for Susanna.

"I'm so tired, but I did have such a lovely time to-night," sighed Susanna happily, though wearily, as she and Polly ascended the steps arm in arm.

"Wasn't it a lovely dance?" said Polly. "Every one seemed to enjoy it so—even old Mrs. Williams, who I'm sure would have preferred the quiet of her own room to the gaiety of the ballroom."

By this time the two girls had reached the door of Polly's room.

"Well, good night, dear," said Susanna softly, "I hope your dreams won't be disturbed by robbers," she added, laughing, as she kissed Polly's flushed cheek.

"O Susanna," exclaimed Polly, shuddering, "I had almost forgotten about that dreadful robbery, and now—— Oh, dear, I know they'll come here to-night. What would I do if I should wake up and find those terrible robbers in my room? Why——!"

"Nonsense, dear, you know they won't come here," said Susanna soothingly, although she, too, felt rather "creepy" about the robbers. "Then, too, see, it's almost three o'clock, and I fear they won't have time to rob us if we don't hurry and get to sleep."

"Susanna, how you do joke about serious matters; but, well, maybe it's best in the end. Good night, and please let's leave the door open between our rooms to-night so you can hear me scream if the burglar comes!"

"All right," laughed Susanna. "For the last time, good night."

The two girls parted, both feeling a tiny bit nervous, and though they would probably never admit it, they both looked carefully under the beds, behind the doors, in closets, and, in fact, in every conceivable place in which a burglar could hide. Satisfied that, as yet, there were no signs of the intruders, they went to bed, and were soon fast asleep. The burglars were forgotten!

The next morning the very air seemed electrified with the word "robbery." At the breakfast table Polly had come down late in a fever of excitement.

"O mother," she exclaimed, "my rope of pearls is missing! It was in my jewelry box last night, and when I went to get it this morning it was gone!"

Le RÉSUMÉ

"Nonsense, Polly," said Mr. Hastings, "you have just misplaced it, child; however, after breakfast go look again and I'm sure you will find it. Come, your breakfast is getting cold."

"Very well, daddy," Polly said, "but I know I will not find it, for I have searched thoroughly already."

"Polly," said Susanna, "I'm sure no one could have entered your room, for you know the door was open between our rooms, and the slightest noise will awaken me."

After breakfast Polly went directly to her room, followed by Mrs. Hastings and Susanna. Every nook and corner in Polly's room was searched, but to no effect. It was evident that some one had stolen the pearls. But how could any one have gotten in without waking up some of the household? Every one entered in the search, but no trace of a burglar could be found. All doors and windows, upon investigation, proved to be secure.

The next night Mr. Hastings determined to have the place watched, so he and Seymour, with three of his most trusted servants, kept watch on the outside all night long. There were no signs of an outside intruder.

The stillness of the night was so great that even the watchdog found nothing to bark at. In spite of this fact, the next morning Polly announced that she missed a cameo pin, which she prized very much and which had been in the family for generations. The theory of outside robbers had to be abandoned. The thief was in the house!! But whom could it be? The servants, perhaps. Of these it would have to be either Polly's maid or Mrs. Hastings', or the chamber maid, as they were the only ones that ever went on this floor—Susanna kept no maid. The two maids had been raised in the family, and their ancestors had been with the Hastings family for generations back. They were out of the question.

"But, mother, what about your chambermaid," asked Seymour, as he, Mrs. Hastings, and Polly were discussing the matter in Mrs. Hastings' room.

"Oh, I will absolutely refuse to believe she did it, for I have had Mary with me for fifteen years, as you know, Seymour, and she has proved absolutely faithful and honest. I would just as soon think of suspecting Polly of stealing as Mary."

"Well, the guilty party must be among the guests, then, mother—they seem to be the only ones unaccused," said Seymour.

"Well, there's Susanna," said Mrs. Hastings significantly.

At this Seymour fairly jumped from his seat, his eyes flashing.

Le RÉSUMÉ

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you would insinuate that Susanna Brooke would stoop to a theft that you will not allow your servants to be accused of? Are you two crazy? I like the way you two befriend a poor orphan girl whom you pretend to love."

"Evidently you make no pretensions of your love," answered Polly sarcastically.

"Well, why should I?" exclaimed Seymour wrathfully. "I always have loved Susanna and always will love her, and, what's more, I intend to marry her."

"Marry her!" angrily exclaimed Mrs. Hastings. "My son marry a thief!"

"Mother," said Seymour indignantly, "I think you have quite forgotten yourself! But if you persist in your belief I will prove to you that Susanna *did not* take the jewels."

"Well, you had better get busy, then, for you have a good deal to prove," said Mrs. Hastings, shrugging her shoulders.

"Well, just leave that to me," answered Seymour coldly, stalking out of the room and slamming the door behind him.

Worn out with the excitement of the day, the guests retired early to their rooms.

"I think it might be wise for you to have the house guarded again to-night," said Mrs. Hastings to her husband, as they, with Susanna, Polly, and Seymour were talking in the library.

"But do you think it necessary, my dear, when we have proved that although the house is guarded, the jewels still continue to disappear?" Mr. Hastings asked.

"I think it's all a farce to guard the house," said Seymour quickly, as he caught the look in his mother's eye as she faced toward Susanna, "but you can plan this nonsense for yourselves—I'm going to bed. Well, good night—much success to you." So saying, Seymour left the library.

"I think, as we have all had such a strenuous day, you had better retire," said Mr. Hastings; "as for me, I shall watch the house to-night; two or three of the men can help me. I hardly think we have any cause for alarm, though, so you must all hurry to sleep, and don't worry."

In his room Seymour paced up and down. That Susanna had not taken the jewels he was sure, but what could he do to prove it? He sat down in a chair, and for some time remained absorbed in thought. At last he got up, and, going to his dresser, took out his pistol.

Le RÉSUMÉ

"It will not do any harm to hide in Polly's room. Some one does enter there and I'll see for myself."

He slipped cautiously down the steps and tiptoed into his sister Polly's room. All was quiet. Moving quietly so as not to disturb the gentle sleeper, he crept behind a screen which stood in one corner of the room. The clock ticked the hours twelve, one, two. Overcome with sleep, he rested his head against the wall, preparing for a doze, when suddenly he heard a noise. Some one—he could feel their presence—was moving by Polly's bed. Thoroughly aroused by now, he leaned forward, pistol in readiness, until he could see a figure in white was moving away toward the dressing table. The figure reached up, and from a silk bag hung over the side, drew a little chamois bag (Seymour was just behind the figure now), took a ring from it, and, turning around, faced Seymour. Utterly astounded, he fell back, letting the hand with the pistol drop to his side. It was Polly! Recovering somewhat, he determined to follow her. With wide, unseeing eyes, Polly glided directly across the room and entered Susanna's. Opening one of the wardrobe drawers, she carefully put the ring in and started to close it.

"Polly!" Seymour called sharply.

Polly gave a start and screamed.

"Look what you have done, Polly!"

"Why—why—Seymour, where am I?"

"What are we doing here? Well, of all things, here are my jewels!"

The light had been flashed on, and before either of the two knew it Susanna was beside them.

"What does this mean? Your jewels in my drawer. O Polly! What does this mean?" wailed Susanna.

"It means, dear," answered Seymour, "that Polly has been walking in her sleep and has been her own thief. Evidently all these stories have affected her dreams and have caused her to take her jewels to a hiding place!"

By this time Mrs. Hastings, alarmed by Polly's scream, rushed in the room. Almost at the same instant, Mr. Hastings, who had seen the light in Susanna's room, hurried in also.

"Has the thief been caught at last?" they asked simultaneously—Mrs. Hastings glancing toward Susanna.

"Yes, mother," said Seymour, going over and putting his arm around Susanna, "the thief has been found, as I told you it would be, and Polly is the guilty one!"

Le RÉSUMÉ

"Polly!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Hastings in one breath.

"Yes," said Polly, "I'm Mr. Burglar. Behold the guilty one!"

"Is the child out of her senses?" asked Mrs. Hastings anxiously.

"No, mother, don't you see it was only a case of somnambulism? I told you those awful stories would make me have bad dreams. Well, they did."

"But I don't see why you should have brought them in Susanna's room," said Mrs. Hastings.

"Well, dear, I guess she thought Susanna was the right one to trust—as she is," replied Mr. Hastings.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, "we can trust her enough to give her one of our dearest and most valuable possessions—our only son."

J. E. AND N. V.

Our Goal

Clear little watch-fire! Dear little star-guide,
Help us forget where we failed the long way;
You have been much to us, you have been true to us,
Help us look up to you, forever and a day.

Strong little signal! Steady your beacon,
Myriads upward are lured by your sway;
Distance you've drawn us, wonders revealed to us,
Let us live close to you, forever and a day.

Wonderful ideal! You are so beautiful,
Hold our eyes firm to you all the long way;
You are all to us, you are the goal to us,
Make us live up to you, forever and aye.

L. P. A., '14.

Le RÉSUMÉ

Bill Foster's Reparation

CHARACTERS

BILL FOSTER
MARY FOSTER
JOHN BERRY
POLLY SMITH

A MOUNTAINEER
HIS LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD GIRL
FROM THE CITY
BILL'S SISTER-IN-LAW

ACT I—SCENE I

SCENE—In the mountains. At the side is a typical mountain cabin.

[Enter a stranger]

STRANGER: Whew! this *is* a climb, and I don't believe it could be colder at the North Pole. (*Perceives the cabin.*) There's a cabin! Looks pretty deserted, but guess I can put up there to-night. It's most dark, so I expect it's time I was stopping, anyhow. Why, there's smoke coming out of the chimney! I am glad to see that. (*Calls*) Hello! hello! hello there, I say.

(*Bearded face appears at a window, which is opened.*)

FOSTER: Who air yew, anyhow, an' what air yew a-doin' up here? Strangers ain't welcome up here, for they usually ain't here fer no good. What do yew want?

STRANGER: I want a place to spend the night. I have started over to Montezuma and I couldn't get a horse down at the station, so I thought I'd walk it. I've walked twelve miles. It's farther than I thought.

FOSTER: See here, stranger, I ain't a-sayin' yew ain't a-tellin' the truth, but I *air* a-sayin' that yew'd be better off if yew wuz back on that thar train. Yew ain't got no business with me.

STRANGER: No, I haven't, but I'm nearly frozen, and I want a place to spend the night. I'll pay you well for it.

FOSTER: Yes, I've heerd that before, an' had ter pay thunder fer listenin'.

STRANGER (*throws head back and laughs*): Ha! ha! ha! I see. You think I'm a revenue officer. Well, I assure you I'm not, and I don't mean you a bit of harm in the world. May I stay?

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FOSTER: Wall, I'll take yer word fer it this time, but lookout if yer ain't a-tellin' the truth.

(Curtain)

SCENE II

SCENE—Interior of cabin kitchen. Polly, a girl of twenty, is preparing supper. Mary is playing around the open fireplace. Stranger is sitting back from the fire watching little Mary.

STRANGER (*to Mary*): Come here, little lady, and tell me your name. (*Mary, just becoming conscious the stranger has been looking at her, suddenly grows very shy, and hides her face.*)

STRANGER: Can't you tell me your name? I'll bet I know. (*Mary looks up.*) Is it Mildred? (*Mary is smiling, but remains silent.*) Look here, I'll just bet you haven't any name, have you? (*Mary nods.*) Well, what is it?

MARY (*comes nearer*): Mary.

STRANGER: Well, come over here. I know a story about a pretty little girl named Mary. Do you like stories? (*Mary nods and goes to stranger, her shyness quite overcome by his friendliness.*)

[Enter Bill Foster, carrying wood]

FOSTER: It shore is goin' ter be cold ter-night. (*Throws down wood.*) My! Polly, that bacon smells good. (*Turns to stranger.*) Guess it'll taste mighty good ter yew, after that thar climb. I see little Mary's made up wid ye. What did yew say to her? She's powerful slow about talkin' wid strangers.

STRANGER: Oh, I love children and I guess they know it. I usually get them to love me in return.

MARY (*to stranger*): Who's yore other Mary?

POLLY: Supper's ready.

FOSTER: Yew'll have ter wait till some other time, Baby. Yew kin git yore story after supper. Hitch up yore cheer, stranger.

(Curtain)

Le RÉSUMÉ

ACT II—SCENE I

SCENE—The same. Polly, Foster, Mary, and the stranger all sitting before the fire, Mary in the lap of stranger.

POLLY (*rises*): Mary, come on, hit's time to go to bed. (*Takes Mary by the hand.*)

STRANGER (*putting Mary's feet to floor*): Well, good night, little lady. Why, little girl, you have a deep cold. Better be careful with her, Polly, it's a cold night.

POLLY: I guess she'll be all right. She's had it a long time.

STRANGER (*to Bill*): That's a beautiful child of yours. One of the prettiest I have ever seen.

FOSTER: Wall, yes, she is purty, an' she's all the wuld to me. Her mammy died when the little gal wuz born, an' since then hit's been jest me an' the baby, 'cept Polly. Polly's a good gal, but she hain't one o' words.

STRANGER: You are fortunate in having one who cares for your child so devotedly. Have you no other living relatives?

FOSTER: Naw, all killed. See here, stranger, yew air from the city, hain't ye?

STRANGER: Yes, my home is in Chattanooga.

FOSTER: Wall, I guess youns don't know nothin' 'bout feuds down thar, though 'cose you've heerd uv 'em. Wall, I've been in um all my life, an' that's why all my kin is dead. Hit's been goin' on so long, I don't know what 'twinz started it, but as long as I kin remember the Fosters and Berrys is been enemies. (*Stranger starts.*) I hain't gone after one o' them Berrys fer fifteen year, but I'm a-waitin'—yes, I'm a-waitin'. (*Stares into fire with sullen, revengeful expression on face.*)

STRANGER: Waiting for what?

FOSTER (*looks up quickly, fiercely*): Waitin' fer what! Why, waitin' fer th' right one. Waitin' fer the baby ter grow up; until she won't need me. An' then I guess thar won't be no more waitin' (*becomes excited*) an' then I'll git my ole gun an' go after the low-down scoundrel that shot my pappy. He lives in the city, too, but that don't make no difference. I told pappy before he died that I'd git John Berry, an' when Bill Foster says a thing like that he means it.

STRANGER: But why didn't you get him before you married and the baby was born?

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FOSTER: Hit wuz this way. Me an' John Berry had allers hated each other. When we wuz about fourteen the feud had kinder cooled down. The Berrys kept out uv our way an' things looked like they wuz a-goin' ter be peaceable like. A schoolmaster down thar wuz the cause of John's quietness. Anybody could see that John would walk over red-hot coals fer that man. One night pap had been talkin' it over an' he said he wuz a-goin' over ter Berry's an' shake hands. Nothin' wud do but pap must go, an' he never come back. Th' next mornin' he wuz found dead on th' trail, an' after the funeral, when I started out fer John Berry, he wuz gone—gone ter the city with the schoolmaster "ter study," so they said, but I know'd hit wuz ter git shut o' me—th' coward!

STRANGER: And he has been gone ever since?

FOSTER: He's been gone ever since. I hain't bothered his brother, but he, too, knows I'm a-waitin'. Some folks has tried ter talk me out o' it, but hit ain't no use talkin', stranger. I'm gin'ally a peaceable man, but I never fergits.

STRANGER: See here, Foster, it's none of my business, but it seems to me that's the wrong idea. Hadn't your father killed some of the Berrys?

FOSTER: Hain't I told you the Berrys an' Fosters had been killin' fer generations?

STRANGER: Wouldn't you have liked for things to have stopped? Wasn't your father's death a fair thing—as you people have it? You had been killing, too.

FOSTER: Yes, but that makes it wurse; pappy wa'n't on the warpath, he wuz a-goin' ter make up. A pistol wuz found by him, but *pappy never left here with no gun.*

STRANGER: And how do you expect to find the man who killed your father?

FOSTER: Go to the city an' walk up an' down th' street with my ol' Winchester until I see the coward.

STRANGER: But, my dear man, if you were to do a thing like that you would be in jail in two hours. Oh, no, Foster, you couldn't do anything like that. You don't know what the city is like. Why, they wouldn't put up with your cold-blooded, savage ways for a minute!

FOSTER (*becomes angry*): An' what would *they* have ter do with it? (*Rises.*) I tell yew, I'll have John Berry if hit takes ter my dyin' day, an'

Le RÉSUMÉ

nobody kin stop me, do yew hear? I'll kill that man—an' the happiest day of my life will be when I hear him beg fer mercy. I'll git him like he got pappy, *do yew hear?* (*Very excited.*) An' *nobody* kin stop me, an' I'll show yew an' yore ole city *that*. What have yew got to do with it?

STRANGER (*springs up*): What have I got to do with it? Well, I have a good deal more than you think. I have a great deal to do with it, Foster. —*I am John Berry.*

FOSTER (*taken aback*): Yew? Yew John Berry?

STRANGER: Yes, *I am* John Berry. What are you going to do about it?

FOSTER: Yew, yew air John Berry? An' yew cum ter *my* house an' had *my baby* in yore lap? Yew dared to do sech a thing, John Berry? I might 'a' know'd it all the time. I might 'a' know'd yew'd be cummin' back. Up ter more devilment, eh?

STRANGER: See here, Foster, I *did* come back: I came to stop these barbarous doings, I—

FOSTER (*in a hard voice*): Oh, yew did, did yew? Wall—yew—git—yore—gun!

STRANGER: I have no gun—

FOSTER (*in a rage*): An' yew cum here ter my house an' got my baby ter lovin' ye (*maliciously*)! Wall, John Berry, this is my moment. Yew've had yourn. (*Gets gun.*) Yew shot my ole pappy, did yew (*relentlessly*), when he was unarmed? An' now—yew stand back thar by the window so's the bullet kin go clean through an' out o' doors.

STRANGER: Foster, what a brute you are!

FOSTER: Yew killed—my—pappy. (*Aims gun.*)

[Polly comes rushing in]

POLLY: O Bill, Bill, what air ye doin'? Put down that gun. Bill, Mary air dyin', do ye hear? Yes, Mary air dyin', she's chokin' ter death, an'—

FOSTER (*drops gun*): What? My baby dyin'? Polly, yer crazy! (*Rushes past Polly into other room.*)

(*Curtain*)

Le RÉSUMÉ

SCENE II

SCENE—Same room.

[Enter Bill dragging John by arm]

FOSTER: Yew—stay—out—o'—that—room whar my baby is. If she's a-dyin' you hain't goin' ter see her——

STRANGER (*jerks loose and turns to Bill*): Look here, Bill, there's no use in your acting this way. That child has a bad case of membranous croup, and can be relieved if attended to immediately; if not, she will choke to death. I know you're my enemy, but I'm going to forget that for the present, and you are too. I'm a physician, also, and it's my business to save lives, and I'm going to save hers.

FOSTER: I hate yew, an' yew hate me. It 'ud be jest like yew to kill my child. I started ter shoot yew a while ago, but I guess I'll have ter wait ergin—I can't shoot yew while my baby's dyin—but I'll git yew yet, no matter how long 'tis. *Now yew go!* (*Points to door.*)

STRANGER: Look here, Bill, you love your baby—well, I love a human life, too. There's got to be some quick explaining or it will be too late to save her: Your father was drunk the night I shot him. He and Sam Martin were together. I was going home and met them. Old Bill began quarreling and saying he was going to kill me. Probably Sam put it all into his head. I shot him in self-defense. Martin was either too drunk to remember or too mean to tell you how it was. Believe me or not, I am sorry; I have learned since that mercy and love are the things that count. I didn't leave because I was afraid. I am going to save your child's life, but you're not going to say I'm a coward again. Meet me to-morrow afternoon at the spot you found your dead father, and you shall have your revenge, but I also shall have my chance, for I will be armed. Now leave me alone, for I am going to fight for your little girl's life.

(*Snatches a case from the corner and rushes into bedroom. Bill, who has been standing with a dazed look on his face, sinks into a chair and murmurs:*)

FOSTER: My little gal—the only thing I have left—my little gal.

(*Curtain*)

Le RÉSUMÉ

ACT III—SCENE I

SCENE—On side of the mountain. John Berry (armed) walking back and forth on the trail.

JOHN: I *did* hope things would turn out differently. I wanted the families to make up, and I left my practice in Chattanooga to see if I couldn't teach my people how life can be made worthy. Not that mine is worthy, but that I have learned how. I'm glad the girl is safe, though. My, but it was a fight. I'm afraid I'll never live to send her that doll I promised last night. I don't want to die, but I'm not a coward, and there was no other way. I may have another life to answer for, but more than likely I will be the victim of a desperate man, and I had rather it be that way than the other, I believe. I can't send another man's soul to his Maker.

[Enter Bill Foster walking slowly]

JOHN: Well, Bill, you see I have kept my word. I am ready this time.
(*Bill comes slowly towards him.*)

FOSTER (*hoarsely*): Wait a minute, John. Yew ain't the only feller that has love in his heart. I know yew shot my pappy, but I'll believe yew had to. Anyhow, yew give me back my little gal, the only thing I have to love. Even if yew didn't kill my pappy in self-defense, yew have evened things up. But yew *did* do it in self-defense, John. Any man that could do what yew done last night hain't the man to be a-shootin' people in cold blood. (*Slowly*) My life hain't worth much, John, but hereafter hit's a-goin' ter be better, 'cause a lovin' man an' a pure baby has taught me how. An' my hands hain't clean, John, 'cause I, too, have killed; they hain't as clean as yourn—but will yew take it fer the baby's sake? (*Holds out hand which John grasps.*) An', John, Mary says when air yew a-goin' ter send her that thar doll?

(*Curtain*)

L. P., '15.

Le RÉSUMÉ

Gould Elma



MUVVER, p'ease less get off this old train."

"Be still, Gould Elma, just a little longer," came from a frail little woman, as she laid her aching head back on the pillow.

"Muvver, just look at that doggie over there: p'ease, muvver, look. Tan't I go and see it?" the little girl, in great excitement, began begging her mother, as she sat watching the white poodle from across the aisle. Mrs. Morgan at this time, was too sick to notice the child, and really consented to her request.

The dark lines under those soft brown eyes showed traces, not only of weariness, but trouble and care. They were coming from Texas, which had been her home since her marriage, until yellow fever had taken her husband away. Now they were going to their relatives in New York, to try, amid the luxuries there, to forget this awful trouble. But, as the patient little mother lay with her head against the seat, looking into space, she breathed one fervent prayer for her little girl, for she knew it was only a matter of time before she would be an orphan.

"Look, muvver, what I have dot," cried Gould Elma, as she came, cuddling the dog to her. Mrs. Morgan rose from her restless nap and looked towards the child.

"O muvver, are you sick?" The little thing began crying as she looked at the worn, sweet face of her mother. The flushed cheeks showed that the fever was raging within her, and her eyes told plainly the agony she was enduring.

"Memphis! Memphis!" called the conductor, as he hurried down the car. Not until now did Mrs. Morgan realize how ill and helpless she was, for, in attempting to get off she found her strength gone.

"Darling," she whispered to the baby, "you must call the man to help mother get off, for she doesn't feel at all well."

Soon they were making their way as best they could through the waiting room. Every one noticed them as they entered, for the worn, sad face of the mother was a striking contrast to the happy smiles of the child.

Le RÉSUMÉ

"Muvver! Muvver! don't do that. Stand up, p'ease, muvver, dear," Gould Elma cried distressingly, as she saw her mother fall fainting to the floor. A young doctor rushed up and began at once to give her his attention.

"She seems better," with a doubtful shake of his head, consolingly he said to the child.

"Is my muvver dead, mister? P'ease wake her up," pitifully the little creature begged.

"That's all right, little lady, we'll have your mother well in a little bit. But, Bill," turning to an old man standing near-by, "we must get this lady somewhere to rest. She won't be able to travel for several days, and she must be made comfortable at once."

"Hit will be hard to get a place this time o' night, Dr. Wallace, but you can take her to my house. Hit ain't much, but hit'll do in a case like this."

When Mrs. Morgan regained consciousness she found herself in a soft, white bed, with her little girl clinging to her hand in a distressing manner.

"Why, muvver, I fought you were never going to wake," she cried, as the sad, brown eyes looked up. "O muvver, did you see the doggie what that man on the train gave me? If you don't go back to sleep I will—— Muvver, p'ease don't go to sleep," the child kept pleading in hopes of keeping those heavy eyes open. But the last was too near, for, half conscious, the woman closed her eyes. "Ain't you going to kiss Gould good night?" cried the child, as she gently kissed her sleeping mother, who would never again be troubled with worldly cares.

The little girl, at the death of her mother, was left to the mercy of this old couple. There was no way to identify her, for no name or address could be found, and Gould wasn't old enough to give any information as to where she came from or where she was going. Uncle Bill and Aunt Jane quickly sold all the jewels they could find of Mrs. Morgan's, and even the bracelet the child wore was pawned, so, in a penniless condition, Gould Elma Morgan began to live a life quite different from the one to which she had been accustomed. In spite of the fact that Aunt Jane did all in her power to make the little girl happy, she couldn't forget those soft, brown eyes of her dying mother.

"Aunt Jane, when is my muvver going to wake up?" she often came crying to the old lady, who had told her that her mother was only resting.

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But as time went on matters grew worse, for the money they had gotten from the jewels had been spent and Uncle Bill was too sick to work. Aunt Jane was compelled to care for him, which left no way for them to make a living. Now came the hard times for the baby. Each morning she was sent out in the cold to beg from house to house. The child, who was only five years old, didn't realize how important it was for her to bring home some money each night, and would stop, with little encouragement, to play, forgetting all the while her mission. It wasn't long, however, before Aunt Jane grew desperate. What was to be done? They hadn't had food for several days, and Uncle Bill was growing weak rapidly. So, when she wrapped the worn shawl around the child the next morning, she warned her not to return without some money.

It was an awfully cold day, for the twenty-fifth of December was on hand, and the sky hung heavy with snow clouds.

"P'ease don't make me go out to-day, Aunt Jane, it's so cold," the half-starved little creature began to beg, as the cold wind blew through her little clothes.

Tears came to the old lady's eyes as she listened to the pleading of the baby as she stood there with her worn little shawl pulled about her, and thought of what a great change there was in the baby since the first night she saw her. The face that once was a bundle of sunshine and happiness now wore a distressed, hungry look. But she must go—there was nothing else that could be done. So up and down the busy streets of Memphis Gould Elma wandered, cold and hungry. Little attention was paid her, for it was Christmas Eve, and no one had time to notice a little waif. At length the sun went down, and it began to snow. Gould Elma hadn't a single cent. What else was she to do? She could not go home. She wandered on and on, paying little heed to where she was until suddenly she heard a sound. She stopped to listen; it was the voice of some sweet singer, and, oh! how much it sounded like her mother's voice. Where could it come from? She kept wandering until her eyes fell upon a huge mansion, from whose windows the light poured forth, telling the old world of the warmth and comfort within. She stood there listening, half frozen and starved.

"I want to go there so bad, 'cause I am so cold and hungry," she began to cry, as she looked at the lighted mansion.

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Just then a man walked up. He noticed the forlorn little figure standing in the street, and wondered why one so small should be left alone at such an hour. In drawing closer to her he saw it was some poor baby crying for help.

"What can be the matter, my dear?" he asked in a gentle voice. In a minute Gould Elma's arms were around his neck, and she was crying as if her little heart would break.

"I'm so cold and hungry, and I want my muvver so bad."

"Your mother! Why, dear, what are you doing out here so late? Where can your mother be?"

"She is 'sleep, Aunt Jane says, and —" she could say no more, for she was overcome with sobs.

"That's all right, you will have a nice supper in a little bit," he said, as he carried her to the lighted mansion.

When Mr. Simmons entered the house—for that was the gentleman's name—his wife came to meet him.

"Why, Bob, what have you now?" she exclaimed as she saw the ragged child in his arms.

"Katheryn, this little thing was standing in front of the house, half frozen, crying for help."

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Simmons sighed, as she took the little face in her hands. Beautiful—no angel could have been more so as she looked up with her big, blue eyes. The wind had blown the golden curls over her face, but it had also put roses in the thin little cheeks. "O Bob!" she cried, "she is a dear; who could have been so cruel? I will care for her at once," and cuddling the cold form to her bosom she left the room.

Mr. Simmons, at the departure of his wife, sat staring into the fire. He could not forget the beautiful little face, with its hungry look.

"I have seen that child before," he kept saying to himself. "Whose child can she be?"

It was truly a puzzle, but he wasn't to be outdone by it. As he sat there looking into space, suddenly the face of Virginia Burns came before him.

"Virginia Burns," he said aloud. "Yes, that is who she looks like." The likeness truly was striking, and he began at once to think. "But it can't be her child, for why would it have been out there at such an hour and on such a night?" The face did not leave, however, but more and more the likeness stood out.

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When his wife returned, announcing how the child was after her bath and supper, he turned to her and said:

"Katheryn, do you remember Virginia Burns, the daughter of Judge Burns of New York? She married and lived in Texas for quite a while, in fact, until last year, when her husband died, and then I heard she went to New York. Well, I have never seen such a likeness between two people as there is between that child and Virginia."

"But, Bob, how could that be her child? Why, it's been over a year since she was in this part of the world."

At daybreak Mr. Simmons was up, for he couldn't sleep for thinking of the little orphan. When Gould Elma awoke, she was quite refreshed, and able to tell all about Aunt Jane and Uncle Bill, but all she knew of her mother was that she was asleep, and Aunt Jane wouldn't let her try to wake her.

At once they looked up Aunt Jane, who told the whole story of the night the fainting widow and child were brought to her. Mr. Simmons was now convinced firmly that this was Virginia Burns' baby, and at once telegraphed to the judge.

He found the old gentleman in a deplorable condition. For months they had searched for the missing widow and child, but not the slightest trace of them had been found.

Broken hearted, he had become resigned to his loss, and was living only to die. On receiving the message he came at once to Memphis. It was wonderful to see the old man's joy as he folded Gould Elma to his bosom.

He found out from Aunt Jane how the child happened to come to her, and for their kindness he gave to the old couple fifty thousand dollars, with Gould Elma's compliments. It was a happy old pair that Gould Elma left standing at the door as she called out:

"Good-bye, Aunt Jane, we are going to find muvver."

N. Mc., '16.

Chicora Almacén

1913-1914.

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Chicora Almacén

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CHICORA ALMACEN STAFF

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My Garden

Rain-drenched is my garden to-day,
But holding a promise of spring;
Seed and lily bulbs search for a way,
Snowdrops and daffodils reach for the day
To tell all the message they bring.

Sun-flecked is my garden to-day;
The flowers are flaming and bright;
Wandering butterflies lose their way—
Numberless songsters make merry and gay,
With songs that are happy and light.

Wind-blown is my garden to-day;
The flower beds withered and dry.
Birds and blossoms have all fled away;
The skies overhead are leaden and grey,
And brown autumn leaves scurry by.

Snow-banked is my garden to-day;
'Tis covered with feathers of white;
Hid are the sorrows of yesterday—
Shining is all that was barren and grey
In vesture all spotless and white.

M. G., '14

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Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

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Religious Meetings
Missionary
Association News
Social Service
Poster
Music
Social
Store

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Y. W. C. A. Department



WITH the opening of school in September, the Y. W. C. A. took up its work with interest and zeal. A committee of girls greeted the new-comers to our school home, and made them feel welcome and the old girls glad to return. We soon felt that we were not really and truly strangers to one another. The first Saturday night an enjoyable little affair was given by the Social Committee. One feature of the evening was a contest in which the new girls wrote as many of the old girls' names as they knew and the old girls the new ones'.

At an early meeting an address of welcome was made, and Miss Charles gave an impressive talk to the Association, after which an opportunity was given the new girls to join. A large number responded, and the year's work began with good prospects.

The time devoted to the report from the Blue Ridge Conference was, as always, inspiring. We were made to feel something of the enthusiastic atmosphere which existed during the days of conference there.

The annual Halloween party was particularly delightful. All the guests came dressed as ghosts and were served to refreshments in the gymnasium, after which they were ushered into many weird little nooks.

Our Y. W. C. A. was represented by Nan Vincent and Myrtle McKeown at the Council held at Coker College. These delegates gained new ideas which helped the Association.

A bazaar for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the college parlors just before the holidays, and the efforts to make it a success were well repaid.

Services have been held at the almshouse on Sunday afternoon by Dr. and Mrs. Byrd and several Y. W. C. A. girls. This is a new feature of our Association work, with which we are pleased. Some of the Y. W. C. A. girls go every week to assist in the work done in the mill villages.

The meetings of the year have been unusually impressive and interesting. The Music Committee has afforded one of the most beautiful features, and the Devotional Committee has chosen subjects which were applicable to stu-

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dents in all phases of college life. Attractive posters have added to the interest of the meetings.

A large number belongs to the mission study classes, in which much interest has been shown.

Besides impressive talks made by our president and other members of the faculty, the following have made helpful addresses: Miss Powell, one of our Y. W. C. A. secretaries; Miss Cory, a student volunteer worker from New York; Mr. Crabtree, a prison worker from North Carolina. Mrs. Chaffer, of Greenville, also addressed us on the subject "Giving." This talk touched on the calendar system of giving which is being used in order that each one may have a share in supporting Mary Land, one of our girls who is now in training at Johns Hopkins Hospital, and who intends afterwards to represent Chicora on the foreign field.

Looking back on the year's work, we feel that our Association has made an effort to live up to our college motto: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and in this we feel some of our highest aspirations realized.

LENA P. ATKINS.



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Athletic Association

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EMMIE FERRELL.....

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VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

Colors: Royal Blue and White

MARIE JACKSON	Manager
MARY EDMUNDS	Captain
EMMIE FERRELL }	Forwards
MARY EDMUNDS }	
ROSE EVANS }	Guards
ELLEN MATHIESON }	
VERA MURRAH }	Centers
MYRTLE McKEOWN }	
ELOISE STEELE }	Substitutes
ESTHER DORROH }	

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Senior Basket-Ball Team

COLORS: Black and Gold

NITA HUNTER
MARGARET GRAHAM
MARIE JACKSON
MARGARET GRAHAM

Manager LULA PENDER
Captain MARGARET NICKELL
Forward AGNES SAVERANCE
Forward JUDITH ABRAHAM

Guard
Guard
Side Center
Center

YELL

Hurrah for the team of class fourteen,
The team that always wins!
Lucky, plucky, dandy, keen,
Is our class of old fourteen.

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Junior Basket-Ball Team

COLORS: Blue and Gold

LILLIE MAE HUGHES
ELLEN MATHESON...
EMMIE FERRELL...
MARGUERITE SIMPSON
ESTHER DORROH...
ELLEN MATHESON
MYRTLE McKEOWN
VERA MURRAH...
INEZ MORRIS

Manager
... Captain
... Forward
... Forward
... Guard
... Guard
... Center
... Side Center
Substitute

YELL

Ray-ree! Ray-rah!
What does it mean?
This waving of colors,
This hilarious scene,
That we are the victors!
That defeat's never seen!
O'er the side of the score
For our old fifteen.

Le RÉSUMÉ



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

COLORS Purple and Gold

ROSA GARNER
JEAN MCGREGOR
CARMEN EVANS
RUTH MCCrackIN
MARY MILLER
LOUISE PARSONS
SAMMA SLAUGHTER
FRANKIE COOK

Manager
Captain
Forward
Forward
Guard
Guard
Center
Side Center

SUBSTITUTES

ROSE EVANS
NEIL MCLEES

Forward
Guard

Le RÉSUMÉ



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

COLORS: Black and Gold

MARY PECK HAY
 SUSAN HOUZE
 SUSAN HOUZE
 KATHERINE WENCK
 THEO HOOD
 VERLIE STANTON
 SARAH KENNEDY
 EVELYN HENRY
 HARRIETTE SIMPSON
 LENIE HUNTLEY
 MARGUERITE PARKER

Manager
 Captain
 Forward
 Forward
 Guard
 Guard
 Center
 Side Center

Substitutes

YELL

Johnny, get a rat-trap,
 Bigger than a cat-trap!
 Boom! Boom!
 Hannibal, cannibal! Sis, boom, bah!
 Chicora! Chicora! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Le RÉSUMÉ



Senior Tennis Club

OFFICERS

CELESTE McKEOWN
MARY EDMUNDS

MANAGER
CAPTAIN

MEMBERS

LENA ATKINS

JUDITH ABRAHAM

SUSIE JOHNSON

MARIE JACKSON

RUTH MORRISON

AGNES SAVERANCE

CELESTE McKEOWN

MARY EDMUNDS

MARGARET GRAHAM

MARGARET NICKELI

MARY WADE

LULA PENDER

ELIZABETH FANT

Le RÉSUMÉ



Junior Tennis Club

OFFICERS

ELLEN MATHESON
MYRTLE McKEOWN

MANAGER
CAPTAIN

MEMBERS

ANNIE BOYD

JENNIE ENGELS

T. CRAIG HUNTER

EMMIE FERRELL

INEZ MORRIS

ELLEN MATHESON

MYRTLE McKEOWN

NAN VINCENT

Le RÉSUMÉ



Sophomore Tennis Club

OFFICERS

ROSE EVANS
RUTH McCARDELL

CAPTAIN
MANAGER

MEMBERS

MARY MILLER

JANIE KILGORE

MILDRED KILGORE

CARMEN EVANS

ROSE EVANS

LOUISE PARSONS

MOLIVIA TAYLOR

LETITIA KEY

NELL MCLEES

MARGARET SMITH

LOUISE McQUEEN

Le RÉSUMÉ



Freshman Tennis Club

OFFICERS

MARGUERITE PARKER,
THEO HOOD

CAPTAIN
MANAGER

MEMBERS

GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN

MARTHA GAMBLE

MARY PECK HAY

THEO HOOD

KATE JOHNSON

SARAH KENNEDY

CORNELIA OLIVER

HELEN MCCOY

SARAH MCCOWN

MARGUERITE PARKER

MARY RATCHFORD

SAMMA SLAUGHTER

RUTH WILSON

KATHERINE WENCK



PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS





"FRENCH CLUB"



GERMAN CLUB

Le RÉSUMÉ



Latin Club

"Hæc studia adulescenti-
peritium ac solacium præ-
peregrinantur, rusticantur.
alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis
delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum,
pro, Pro Archia.

OFFICERS

MISS MARY WILLS GUY	Director	SUSIE JOHNSON	Secretary
T. HUNTER	President	MARIE JACKSON	Treasurer
MILDRED KILGORE	Vice-President	NELL MCLEES	Editor

MEMBERS

JENA ATKINS	T. HUNTER	MILDRED KILGORE
ANNIE BOYD	ANNIE JENKINSON	ALTHEA MAYES
ALMER BARENTINE	MARIE JACKSON	NELL MCLEES
ESTHER COOPER	SUSIE JOHNSON	RUTH MCCrackIN
EMMIE FERRELL	JANIE KILGORE	MARGARET SMITH
MARY HARDIN		OLLIE SIMPSON

Le RÉSUMÉ



Shakespearean Club

MOTTO: If all the world were playing holidays,
to sport would be as tedious as to work.

OBJECT: Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

PLACE OF MEETING: Forest of Arden

TIME OF MEETING: When the hurly-burly's done

OFFICERS

T. HUNTER
EAMIE FERRELL

President
Vice-President

MARY JONES
LILLIE MAE HUGHES

Secretary and Treasurer
Editor

MEMBERS

LOUISE AWTRY
ANNIE BOYD
BETTIE BATSON
DORA BLACK
ESTHER DORRIS
JENNIE ENGELS
EAMIE FERRELL
ANNIE FELLERS
LILLIE MAE HUGHES
T. HUNTER
KATHLEEN JAMES

ANNIE JENKINSON
MARY JONES
MYRTLE McKEOWN
ALTHEA MAYES
INEZ MORRIS
JEAN MCGREGOR
ANNIE LOU McDANIEL
ELLEN MATHESON
VERA MURRAH

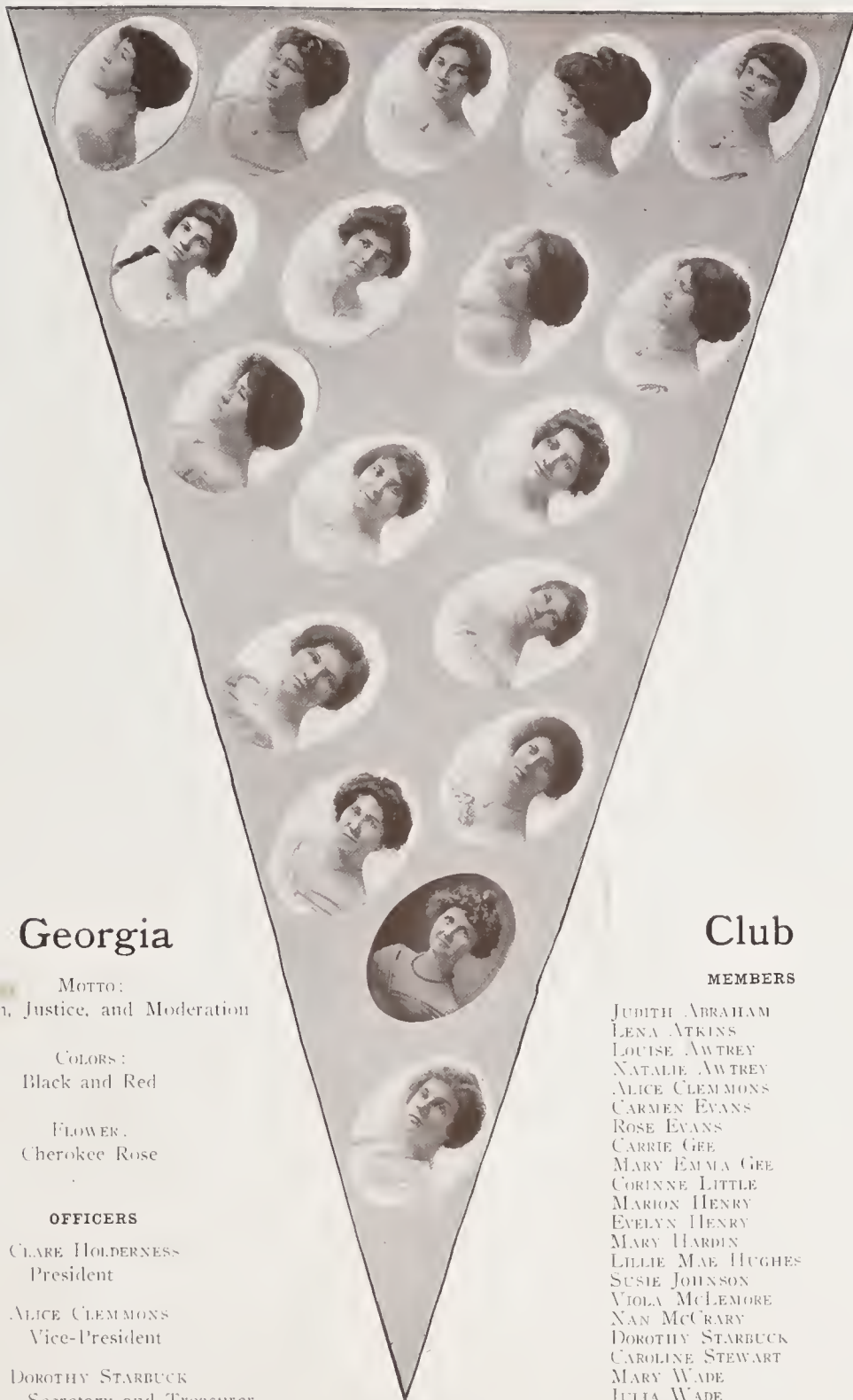
LOUISE McQUEEN
CECIL OWINGS
LOUISE PARSONS
LUCILE PHILLIPS
MARGUERITE SIMPSON
OLLIE SIMPSON
MARGARET STOKES
NAN VINCENT
TENA WISE
GRACE WYATT
JULIA WADE

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS JEAN WITHERSPOON



SENIOR MUSIC CLUB



Georgia

MOTTO:
Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation

COLORS:
Black and Red

FLOWER:
Cherokee Rose

OFFICERS

CLARE HOLDERNESS
President

ALICE CLEMMONS
Vice-President

DOROTHY STARBUCK
Secretary and Treasurer

Club

MEMBERS

JUDITH ABRAHAM
LENA ATKINS
LOUISE AWTREY
NATALIE AWTREY
ALICE CLEMMONS
CARMEN EVANS
ROSE EVANS
CARRIE GEE
MARY EMMA GEE
CORINNE LITTLE
MARION HENRY
EVELYN HENRY
MARY HARDIN
LILLIE MAE HUGHES
SUSIE JOHNSON
VIOLA MCLEMORE
NAN MCCARY
DOROTHY STARBUCK
CAROLINE STEWART
MARY WADE
JULIA WADE

Le RÉSUMÉ



Spartanburg County Club

Aim To uphold Spartanburg County

Flower, Cotton Blossom

Motto. Be a Spartan

OFFICERS

LULA PENDER
JENNIE ENGELS
MILDRED KILGORE

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

LULA PENDER
MILDRED KILGORE
JANIE KILGORE
MARY GASTON

JENNIE ENGELS
ETHEL SMITH
EDNA STALWORTH
MARGIE GASTON

Le RÉSUMÉ



Marlboro Daughters

ELLEN MATHESON.

CAPTAIN

MEMBERS

LOUISE MCQUEEN

ELLEN MATHESON

RUTH MORRISON

BEATRICE SYKES

VERLIE STANTON

Le RÉSUMÉ



Horry County Club

MOTTO: Eat all you can get
 AIM: To be together all we can
 FLOWER: Black-eyed Susans
 COLORS: Black and Gold

OFFICERS

DOROTHY OFFICER	PRESIDENT
CECIL McKEITHAN	SECRETARY
HELEN McCOY	TREASURER

MEMBERS

HELEN McCOY	OLLIE WATSON
CECIL McKEITHAN	DOROTHY OFFICER

Le RÉSUMÉ



Richland County Club

KATHRYN BRIDGEMAN

ESTHER COOPER

IONE PRICE

EDITH WILLINGHAM

MARY EDMUNDS

Le RÉSUMÉ



Newberry County Club

MOTTO. "Happy have we met, happy have we been;
Happy may we part and happy meet again."

COLORS Garnet and Green

FLOWER Carnation

OFFICERS

MARIETTA LANGFORD.....	PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH FANT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
TENA WISE.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

NANNIE ADDISON	MABEL LIVINGSTON
CLARA BOWERS	FRONDE LIVINGSTON
SALLIE BOOZER	RUTH McCrackin
ANNIE FELLERS	ELIZABETH McCrackin
HELEN LATHAN	BLANCHE SMITH

Le RÉSUMÉ



Williamsburg County Club

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAHAM
ALMER BARENTINE
MAUDE WILSON

...PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

JOSE BARTELL

AGGIE BOYD

FRANKIE COOK

IRENE EPPS

EMMIE FERRELL

CORNELIA OLIVER

MAY GRAHAM

DORA GRAHAM

HAZEL GRAHAM

ISLA GAMBLE

MARTHA GAMBLE

Le RÉSUMÉ



Tar Heel Club

FLOWER: Goldenrod

MOTTO: *Esse quam videri*

COLORS: Red, White, and Blue

PLACE OF MEETING: Among the Long-Leaf Pines

OFFICERS

KATHERINE JOHNSTON

MARY PECK HAY

WILLIE BARRETTE

PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENT

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

KATHERINE JOHNSTON

MARY PECK HAY

WILLIE BARRETTE

MACE GARRISON

Le RÉSUMÉ



Chicora Orchestra

MISS GRACE STULTING

DIRECTOR

RUTH MORRISON

PIANIST

FIRST AND SECOND VIOLINS

ALICE CLEMMONS

CARMEN EVANS

DORA GRAHAM

EVELYN HENRY

CLARE HOLDERNESS

NELL MCLEES

EMMIE NESBITT

FIRST AND SECOND MANDOLINS

ESTHER DORROH

CECIL OWINGS

OLLIE SIMPSON

JULIA WADE

GUITARS

JENNIE ENGELS

VIRGINIA GRIFFIN

ROSE EVANS

ESSIE ROGERS

MARY WADE

Le RÉSUMÉ



Chicora Glee Club

MRS. H. H. BELLAMANN
MARY EDMUNDS

DIRECTOR
ACCOMPANIST

PERSONNEL

SOPRANOS

MARGARET GRAHAM
ROSE EVANS

LILA EDMUNDS

MARGUERITE SIMPSON

CARMEN EVANS

STELLA BETHUNE

LORENE JORDAN

JENNIE ENGELS

SARAH KENNEDY

ALTOS

MARY JONES

MARGARET SMITH

ELOISE STEELE

MARIETTA LANGFORD

LOUISE McQUEEN

LENORE PURCELL

NORA EDMONDSTON

LOUISE PARSONS

KATHLEEN JAMES



L. Nasheson
Pres.



L. Anderson
Secy. - Treas.



A. Broman



N. Jackson



M. Langford



L. McQueen



S. Howze



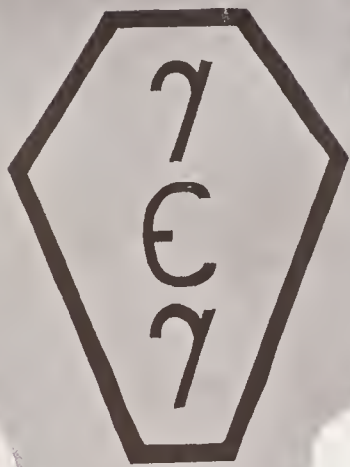
M. Graham



S. McKown



L. Parsons
V. Pres.



Le RÉSUMÉ



Whistler Club

H. H. BEL
EDMUNDS

OFFICERS

EL E
MARG L
LORENE
MISS V. A

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER
DIRECTRESS

MEMBERS

ALMER BARENTINE
WILLIE ARMSTRONG
ROSA GARNER
MARY PATTON

MARGARET NICKELL
LOUISE AWTREY

ELLEN MATHIESON
MYRTLE MCNEOWN
LORENE JORDAN
RUTH WILSON

Le RÉSUMÉ



Four Hearts That Beat As One

LETITIA KEY

RUTH McCARDELL

MOLIVIA TAYLOR

NELL McLEES

Le RÉSUMÉ



The Club of "E"se

(We're too lazy to elect officers!)

MOTTO Go "E"sy!

TIME OF MEETING: When money is "E"sy!

PLACE OF MEETING: "On flowery beds of 'E'se"

THE LADIES OF "E"SE

MARY "E"DMUNDS

IRENE "E"PPS

JENNIE "E"NGELS

CARMEN "E"VANS

ROSE "E"VANS

HONORAR"E" MEMBERS

MISS "E"DMONDSTON

MISS "E"DWARDS

MISS "E"DMUNDS

MRS. "E"VANS

Le RÉSUMÉ



The "Little Four"

MOTTO: "Us four and no more"
 TIME OF MEETING: "Any old time"
 PLACE OF MEETING: "Just a dark corner"
 FLOWER: "Daisy"
 COLORS: Gold and White

OFFICERS

MURIEL ANDERSON
 EDITH WILLINGHAM
 WILLIE ARMSTRONG
 CHARLOTTE BROWN

PRESIDENT
 VICE-PRESIDENT
 SECRETARY
 TREASURER

MEMBERS

MURIEL ANDERSON
 CHARLOTTE BROWN

EDITH WILLINGHAM
 WILLIE ARMSTRONG

Le RÉSUMÉ



Doctors' Daughters

OFFICERS

ALMER BARENTINE
SUSIE JOHNSON
HENREE BUCHANAN

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY

MEMBERS

MURIAL ANDERSON
DORA BLACK

CLAUDIA BUCHANAN

ALMER BARENTINE

HENREE BUCHANAN

MARTHA GAMBLE

GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN

LOUISE TAYLOR

NAN VINCENT

SUSIE JOHNSON

OLIVE WATSON

Le RÉSUMÉ



E. T. Y.B.

MOTTO: "My name is Jimmy, I'll take all you gimme" PASSWORD: Starvation
TIME OF MEETING: Where there are no "Butters In"

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP: Ability to eat anything we make, to make anything out of nothing, and to hoodoo anybody into giving us food

MEMBERS

EMMIE NESBITT...	Stirrer	CECIL OWINGS	Pitcher Drinker
OLLIE SIMPSON...	Water Carrier	ESTHER DORRILL	Toastmistress
NAN McCRARY	Chief Cook	HELEN LATHAN	Chief Hoodoo
AZILE BOZEMAN...	Bottle Washer	VIVIAN HUFF	Taster

Le RÉSUMÉ



Blue Birds

OFFICERS

ALMER BARENTINE.....	PRESIDENT
LOUISE McQUEEN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN McCOY.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

BILL ARMSTRONG	ESTHER DORROH
MURIEL ANDERSON	HELEN McCOY
ALMER BARENTINE	LOUISE McQUEEN
DOROTHY OFFICER	BEATRICE SYKES
RUTH WILSON	

Le RÉSUMÉ



Seiterfeit

MARY EDMUNDS

MARIETTA LANGFORD

NELLIE MAE MACKEY

DORIS GIBERT

ELLEN MATHESON

EDITH WILLINGHAM

Le RÉSUMÉ



Fairfield County Club

OFFICERS

HENREE BUCHANAN
ROXIE DIXON

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT

MEMBERS

CLAUDIA BUCHANAN
HENREE BUCHANAN
SUSIE CRAWFORD
ROXIE DIXON

SALLIE DIXON
SARAH KENNEDY
SUE KENNEDY
IRENE TURNER

Le RÉSUMÉ



Student Body

OFFICERS

LULA PENDER, '14
NAN VINCENT, '15.
ALMER BARENTINE, '14

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MARIE JACKSON, '14
ESTHER DORRILL, '15
LOUISE PARSONS, '16
KATHRYN BRIDGMANN, '17
MARIETTA LANGFORD, '14
LENA ATKINS, '14
JUDITH ABRAHAM, '14
JENNIE ENGELS, '15

Le RÉSUMÉ

—And the Faculty Met

DR. BYRD: Of course you all know we will have to work in co-op-er-ation with each other.

And in regard to this book—— I do not think the author is quite clear on this point—— But I suppose "Missus Byrd" can explain that to them.

MISS CHARLES: Now, if we should have examinations—— It would be better as it were. So much more could be accomplished, if you please.

MISS WITHERSPOON: That is a very excellent piece of literature, as the character is brought out exceedingly well.

MISS DOWNES: I fear Willie Armstrong isn't studying much this quarter. And also I must report that Clare Holderness and Caroline Stuart were out of their room after light bell Tuesday night.

MISS EDMUNDSTON: Dorothy, for cutting five practice periods in one week—— What must we do? Demerits seem to do no good.

MISS GODFREY: Well, Dorothy should be made to go to walk every day this week and not allowed to play tennis any more this week.

MISS EDMUNDS: I have nothing to report. All my girls are doing all right.

MISS PURCELL: I haven't either. Why doesn't something exciting happen——?

DR. BELLAMANN: Really, faculty meetings are so dull this year. The girls have been so good I am afraid something dreadful is going to happen. I wish we could have lunch at twelve and a six o'clock dinner.

MISS PROSSER: This girl makes the lowest marks. And she has only made fifty-one this quarter.

DR. BYRD: Miss Stuart, let's have your report.

MISS STUART: Rosa Garner, *n-i-n-e-t-y-t-h-r-e-e*.

MISS GUY: Dr. Byrd, Beatrice is sick to-night.

MISS STULTING: I have nothing to report—*he! he!*

MADAM (coming in late): Ah! am I late? Ah—I—think—that—plan—is—b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l.

MISS McDONALD: Those day pupils just will go uptown. I don't know what we will do about it.

MRS. BELLAMANN: Give Lorene Jordan a demerit for cutting chorus.

MRS. BYRD: Marguerite Simpson 70 on Bible. She just made 69.

Le RÉSUMÉ

—Then the Student Body Met

MISS WITHERSPOON—5 demerits for taking the Senior examinations bodily out of the English Men of Letters. 1 for omitting to give Freshmen a character sketch to write one day.

MISS EDWARDS—1 demerit for 20 tardies in dining-room.

MISS EDMUNDS—3 demerits; 1 for receiving flowers from out in town; 2 for receiving notes.

MISS EDMUNDSTON—5 demerits for visiting practice rooms while work was going on.

MISS GODFREY—3 demerits—out on hall between study hall bells.

MISS STULTING—1 demerit for giggling in church; 2 for flirting on street.

MISS DOWNES—3 demerits for being caught on third (3d) floor after room bell one Sunday night.

MISSSES STUART AND McDONALD—1 demerit each for lingering on hall and exchanging fond greetings.

MISS PROSSER—3 demerits for wearing her own dress.

MISS GUY—1 demerit for laughing after light bell. 2 demerits for wearing a slit skirt.

MISS WAID—2 demerits for being too industrious. 1 demerit for exchanging fond greeting with a Junior.

MISS PURCELL—2 demerits for visiting infirmary without permission. Later—demerit taken off but restriction left on—mumps.

MISS GORDAN—3 demerits for rising too early.

MADAM—3 demerits for corresponding with gentlemen out in town.

MRS. BELLAMANN—4 demerits for ruining Mr. Dodenhoff's phonograph by singing into same.

DR. BELLAMANN—2 demerits for talking instead of hearing music lessons. 1 demerit for cutting breakfast. 2 for playing ragtime.

MRS. BYRD—2 demerits for wearing low neck and short sleeves; 3 for absent-mindedness.

DR. BYRD—2 demerits for curling mustache too frequently. 3 demerits for applauding when boys serenade. 2 for non-exercise from five to six.

Le RÉSUMÉ

College Statistics

Prettiest..	MARY JONES
Cutest.....	NELL MCLEES
Sunniest	MARGARET NICKELL
Sweetest .	MARIE JACKSON
Daintiest.	MARIETTA LANGFORD
Most Attractive	MARY JONES
Most Stylish ...	MARY EMMA GEE
Most Original	NELL MCLEES
Most Popular	LULA PENDER
Most Graceful	LOUISE PARSONS
Best All-round	MARIE JACKSON
Best Singer	JENNIE ENGELS
Best Musician...	MARY EDMUNDS
Prettiest Eyes	LEXIE HUNTLEY
Prettiest Hair	MARY EDMUNDS
Biggest Talker	ELLEN MATHESON
Biggest Laugher	VERA MURRAH
Best Artist	LORENE JORDAN
Best Athlete	MARY EDMUNDS



Le RÉSUMÉ

JOKES

THE SHINING LIGHTS

ANDER(SON), JACK(SON), JOHN(SON), ADDI(SON), SIMP(SON),
MORRI(SON), MATHE(SON), FRIER(SON), GARRI(SON).

PERSONAL COLUMN

A. D.: How may I get rid of a double chin?

ANS.: Tie an elastic bandage around the head before retiring. Also try the Beau de Chin massage.

DOROTHY S.: How may I best avoid being caught breaking study hall?

ANS.: Don't break it. Send a stamped envelope for further information.

AGNES S.: How may I improve my pedigree?

ANS.: Consult Miss Downes.

If Chicora were blind would G. F. C.?

If Agnes were lost would Nita Hunter?

Did you ever see Mary Wade?

If this were not a Presbyterian college would Isla and Martha Gamble?

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Chicora without a bell?

Lena A. off her dignity?

Dorothy S. without a demerit?

Miss Godfrey without rubber heels?

Miss Prosser wearing a smile?

What king can Inez Morris easily remember?

"Arthur."

What does Carmen Evans love to sing?

"Alice, Where Art Thou?"

Le RÉSUMÉ

What make of shoes does Nell McLees like best?
"Zeigler."

What is Molivia Taylor's favorite book?
"Inez."

There was a young lady named Vera,
Who always had cards very near her.
When asked: "Are you a crook?"
She said: "Yes, in rook."
But that is all right at Chicora.

What is Marguerite Simpson's favorite flower?
"Lily."

A giddy girl will use some cause
To gratify her whims;
She often goes to church because
She dearly loves the "hims."

FRESH. WILSON: "I know the tango and turkey trot, but what's the St. Vitus dance?"

SR. BARENTINE: "O Ruth, it's the one you do with a trained nurse."

Charlotte Brown wants to know if people will be released (recognized) in heaven.

THE FRESHMAN—Emerald
THE SOPHOMORE—Soapstone
THE JUNIOR—Grindstone
THE SENIOR—Tombstone

SR. SAVERANCE (while walking on the campus): "O Nita, isn't this an auxiliary (exhilarating) afternoon?"

N. J. (in Freshman Bible Class): "Mrs. Byrd, did Moses take any bees in the ark with him?"

Le RÉSUMÉ

The teacher asked: "What is space?"

The trembling Freshman said:

I can't think at present,

But I have it in my head.

If Ione has a Price, what is Edna Stall-worth?

If Eloise'd Steele, would Josie Bar-tell?

If she had a husband, would Frankie Cook?

If Corinne's Little, is Tena Wise?

If she borrows Margaret('s) Nickell, how much is Cecil Owing(s)?

HIDDEN NAMES

1. Did you eat that jam, Esther?
2. Mary has gone off, I certainly believe.
3. What is the slang for "delighted"?
4. How can a pen derail a car?
5. This house is half antique, half modern.
6. If I'm ill, ere I take capsules I'll die.

OLD-FASHIONED SPOONS

I. Miss Charles and Miss Witherspoon.

Place of meeting: Science room door.

Time: Just before Astronomy class.

II. Miss Stuart and Miss McDonald.

Place of meeting: Dining-room.

Time: After meals.

III. Miss Purcell and Miss Downes.

Place: Miss Purcell's Studio.

Time: Any old time.

IV. Miss Godfrey and Miss Edmundston.

Place: In the shade of the open door of the infirmary.

Time: Quietest time.

Le RÉSUMÉ

MODERN PLAYS

BLUE BIRD	Margaret Nickell
CHANTICLEER	Claire Holderness
MADAME BUTTERFLY	Marietta Langford
MUTT AND JEFF	Ruth Morrison and T. Hunter
THE PINK LADY	Vera Murrah
FRECKLES	Marie Jackson
FORTUNE HUNTER	Miss Downes

SR. BETHUNE: "O Agnes, do we have to go to the oculist (photographer) this afternoon to have our pictures made?"

B. S. (in laboratory): "Miss Charles, I can't find the consecrated nitric acid."





THE END



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Greenville, South Carolina

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READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS TO LADIES

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Dresses

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AND EVENING WEAR

COLLEGE PINS - HAIR ORNAMENTS

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Corner Main and Coffee Streets
Phone 716

CHICORA COLLEGE

S. C. BYRD, D. D., President





*THE SOUTH CAROLINA
PRESBYTERIAN COL-
LEGE FOR WOMEN*



GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

PIEDMONT SHOE COMPANY

Main Street and McBee Avenue

*The Shoe Store where College ladies find
what they want when they want it*  

If our new line of Pumps and Oxfords for Spring, 1914, had
some form of expression, they would tell you of the extreme
care exercised in their making, how only the best quality
of material and the most skilled workmen were
employed, how the styles originated with the
master creators of women's footwear. We
invite everybody to come and look at
our new styles - and let us show
you how well we can fit
your feet—Our prices
you'll find most
reasonable



PIEDMONT SHOE COMPANY

MAIN STREET AND McBEE AVENUE

On the Corner "Where the Big Shoe Hangs Out"

ALL COLLEGE GIRLS SHOP AT



We Carry the Best and Highest
Grade Line of Merchandise, for
Ladies and Misses, to be found
in Greenville.



MAKE THIS YOUR SHOPPING AND MEETING PLACE

*Suits, Coats, Millinery, Silk, Dress Goods, Notions,
Corsets, Underwear, Waists, Comforts,
and Blankets.*

"Hale Gift Shop"

Chicora Seals, Rings and Pins
and College Jewelry

Hale quality stands the test of time



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JEWELER

FLOURNOY & VAUGHAN

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We take orders for Engraved
Cards, Monogram Stationery,
Wedding Invitations, and cards
for all Social Requirements.

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Peace Printing Co.

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